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## "RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI."

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THIS is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed through the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the tailor-bird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the muskrat, who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but always creeps round by the skirting-boards, gave him advice; but still Rikki-tikki did the real fighting.

He was a mongoose, something like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he wanted to with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war-cry as he scuttled through the long grass was: *Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchh!*

One day a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and clucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of soggy grass floating there, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very draggled indeed, and a small boy was saying: "Here 's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."

"No," said his mother; "let 's take him in and dry him. Perhaps he is n't really dead."

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead at all; and they wrapped him in cotton wool, and warmed him over a little fire, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow); "don't frighten him, and we 'll see what he 'll do."

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is, "Run and find out"; and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and took a flying jump on the small boy's neck.

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his father. "That 's his way of making friends."

"Ouch! He 's tickling under my chin," said Teddy.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

"Good gracious," said Teddy's mother, "and that 's a wild creature! I suppose he 's so tame because we 've been kind to him."

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Teddy does n't pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he 'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let 's give him something to eat."

They gave him a little bit of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it

immensely, and when it was finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

"There are more things to find out about in this house," he said to himself, "than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out."

Rikki-tikki gave up that day to roaming over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs; put his nose into the ink on a writing-table, and burned it on the end of the big man's cigar, for he climbed up in the big man's lap to see how writing was done. At nightfall he went into Teddy's nursery to watch how kerosene lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too, but he was a restless companion, because he had to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it. Teddy's mother and father came in, the last thing, to look at their boy, and Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow. "I don't like that," said Teddy's mother; "he may bite the child." "He 'll do no such thing," said the father. "Teddy 's safer with that little beast than if he had a bloodhound to watch him. If a snake came into the nursery now—"

But Teddy's mother would n't think of anything so awful.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to

early breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him banana and some boiled egg; and he sat on all their laps one after the other, because every well-brought-up mongoose always hopes to be a house-mongoose some day and have rooms to run about in, and Rikki-tikki's mother (she used to live in the General's house at Segowlee) had carefully told Rikki what to do if ever he came across white men.

Then Rikki-tikki went out into the garden to see what was to be seen. It was a large garden, only half cultivated, with bushes of Marshal Niel roses as big as summer-houses; lime- and oranges-trees, clumps of bamboos, and thickets of high grass. Rikki-tikki licked his lips. "This is a splendid hunting-ground," he said, and his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it, and he scuttled up and down the garden, snuffing here and there till he heard very sorrowful voices in a thorn-bush. It was Darzee, the tailor-bird, and his wife. They had made a beautiful nest by pulling two big leaves together and stitching them up the edges with fibers, and they had filled the hollow with cotton and downy fluff. The nest swayed to and fro, and they sat on the hedge edge and cried.

"What is the matter?" asked Rikki-tikki.

"We are very miserable," said Darzee. "One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday and Nag ate him."

"H'm!" said Rikki-tikki, "that is very sad —

but I am a stranger here. Who is Nag?"

Darzee and his wife only cowered down on the nest without answering, for from the thick



"HE CAME TO BREAKFAST RIDING ON TEDDY'S SHOULDER."



"RIKKI-TIKKI LOOKED DOWN BETWEEN THE BOY'S COLLAR AND NECK."

grass at the foot of the bush there came a slow hiss—a horrid cold sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back two clear feet. Then inch by inch out of the grass rose up the head and spread hood of Nag, the big black cobra, and he was five feet long from tongue to tail.



"HE PUT HIS NOSE INTO THE INK."

When he had lifted one third of himself clear of the ground, he stayed balancing to and fro exactly as a dandelion-tuft balances in the wind, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake's eyes—that never change their expression, whatever the snake is thinking of.

"Who is Nag?" he said. "I am Nag. The great god Brahm put his mark upon all our people, when the first cobra spread his hood to keep the sun off Brahm as he slept. Look, and be afraid!"

He spread out his hood more than ever, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark on the back of it that looks exactly like the eye part of a hook-and-eye fastening. He was afraid for the minute; but it is impossible for a mongoose to stay frightened for any length of time, and though Rikki-tikki had never met a live cobra before, his mother had fed him on dead ones, and he knew that all a mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes. Nag knew that too, and at the bottom of his cold heart he was afraid.

"Well," said Rikki-tikki, and his tail began to fluff up again, "do you think that it is right for you to eat fledglings out of a nest?"

Nag was thinking to himself, and watching

the least little movement in the grass behind Rikki-tikki. He knew that a mongoose in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family; but he wanted to get Rikki-tikki off his guard. So he dropped his head a little, and put it on one side.

"Let us talk," he said. "You eat eggs. Why should not I eat birds?"

"Behind you! Look behind you!" sang Darzee.

Rikki-tikki knew better than to waste time in staring. He jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and just under him whizzed by the head of Nagaina, Nag's wicked wife. She had crept up behind him as he was talking, to make an end of him; and he heard her savage hiss as the stroke missed. He came down almost across her back, and if he had been an old mongoose he would have known that then was the time to break her back with one bite; but he was afraid of the terrible lashing return-stroke of the cobra. He bit, but he did not bite long enough, and jumped clear of the whisking tail, leaving Nagaina only torn and angry.

"Wicked, wicked Darzee!" said Nag, lashing up as high as he could reach toward the nest in



"RIKKI-TIKKI WAS AWAKE ON THE PILLOW."

the thorn-bush; but Darzee had built it out of reach of snakes, and it only swayed to and fro.

Rikki-tikki felt his eyes growing red and hot (when a mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all round him, and chattered with rage. But Nag and Nagaina had disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke, it never says anything or gives

any sign of what it means to do next. Rikki-tikki did not care to follow them, for he did not feel sure that he could manage two snakes at once. So he trotted off to the gravel path near the



"WE ARE VERY MISERABLE," SAID DARZEE."

house, and sat down to think. It was a serious matter for him. If you read the old books of natural history, you will find they say that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot,—snake's blow against mongoose's jump,—and as no eye can follow the motion of a snake's head when

all the more pleased to think that he had managed to escape a blow from behind. It gave him confidence in himself, and when Teddy came running down the path, Rikki-tikki was ready to be petted. But just as Teddy was stooping, something wriggled a little in the dust, and a tiny voice said: "Be careful. I am Death!" It was *Karait*, the dusty brown snakeling that lies for choice on the dusty earth; and his bite is as dangerous as the cobra's. But he is so small that nobody thinks of him, and so he does the more harm to people.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red again, and he danced up to the *Karait* with the peculiar rocking, swaying motion that he had inherited from his family. It looks very funny, but it is so perfectly balanced a gait that you can fly off from it at any angle you please; and in dealing with snakes this is an advantage. If Rikki-tikki had only known, he was doing a much more dangerous thing than fighting *Nag*, for the *Karait* is so small, and can turn so quickly, that unless Rikki bit him close to the back of the head, he would get the return-stroke in his eye or his lip. But Rikki did not know: his eyes were all red, and he rocked back and forth, looking for a good place to hold. The *Karait* struck out,

Rikki jumped sideways and tried to run in, but the wicked little dusty gray head lashed within a fraction of his shoulder, and he had to jump over the body, and the head followed his heels close.

Teddy shouted to the house:  
"Oh, look here! Our  
mongoose is killing a



"'I AM NAG,' SAID THE COBRA; 'LOOK, AND BE AFRAID!' BUT AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS COLD HEART, HE WAS AFRAID."

it strikes, that makes it much more wonderful than any magic herb. Rikki-tikki knew he was a young mongoose, and it made him

snake"; and Rikki-tikki heard a scream from Teddy's mother. His father ran out with a stick, but by the time he came up, the *Karait* had lunged

out once too far, and Rikki-tikki had sprung, jumped on the snake's back, dropped his head far between his fore-legs, bitten as high up the back as he could get hold, and rolled

Teddy carried him off to bed, and insisted on Rikki-tikki sleeping under his chin. Rikki-tikki was too well bred to bite or scratch, but as soon as Teddy was asleep he went off for his nightly walk round the house, and in the dark he ran up against Chuchundra, the muskrat, creeping round by the skirting-board. Chuchundra is a broken-hearted little beast. He whimpers and cheeps all the night, trying to make up his mind to run into the middle of the room, but he never gets there.

"Don't kill me," said Chuchundra, almost weeping. "Rikki-tikki, don't kill me."

"Do you think a snake-killer kills muskrats?" said Rikki-tikki scornfully.

"Those who kill snakes get killed by snakes," said Chuchundra, more sorrowfully than ever. "And how am I to be sure that Nag won't mistake me for you?"

"There's not the least danger," said Rikki-tikki; "but Nag is in the garden, and I know you don't go there."

"My cousin Chua, the rat, told me—" said Chuchundra, and then he stopped.

"Told you what?"

"H'sh! Nag is everywhere, Rikki-tikki. You should have talked to Chua in the garden."

"I did n't—so you must tell me. Quick, Chuchundra, or I'll bite you!"

Chuchundra sat down and cried till the tears rolled off his whiskers. "I am a very poor man," he sobbed. "I never had spirit enough to run out into the middle of the room. H'sh! I must n't tell you anything. Can't you hear, Rikki-tikki?"

Rikki-tikki listened. The house was as still as still, but he thought he could just catch the faintest scratch-scratch in the world,—



"HE JUMPED UP IN THE AIR, AND JUST UNDER HIM WHIZZED THE HEAD OF NAGAINA."

away. That bite paralyzed the karait, and Rikki-tikki was just going to eat him up from the tail when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow mongoose, and if he wanted all his strength and quickness ready, he must keep himself thin. He went away for a dust-bath under the castor-oil bushes, while Teddy's father beat the dead karait. "What is the use of that?" thought Rikki-tikki—"I have settled it all"; and then Teddy's mother picked him up from the dust and hugged him, crying that he had saved Teddy from death, and Teddy's father said that he was a providence, and Teddy looked on with big scared eyes.

That night at dinner, walking to and fro among the wine-glasses on the table, he might have stuffed himself three times over with nice things; but he remembered Nag and Nagaina, and though it was very pleasant to be patted and petted by Teddy's mother, and to sit on Teddy's shoulder, his eyes would get red from time to time, and he would go off into his long war-cry of "*Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchh!*"

a noise as faint as a fly walking on a window-pane,—the dry scratch of a snake's scales on brickwork.

"That's Nag or Nagaina," he said to himself; "and he is crawling into the bath-room sluice. You're right, Chuchundra; I should have talked to Chua."

He stole off to Teddy's bath-room, but there was nothing there, and then to Teddy's mother's bath-room. At the bottom of the smooth plaster wall there was a brick pulled out to make a sluice for the bath-water, and as Rikki-tikki stole in by the masonry curb where the bath is put, he heard Nag and Nagaina whispering together outside in the moonlight.

"When the house is emptied of people," said Nagaina, "*he* will have to go away, and then the garden will be our own again. Go in quietly, and remember that the big man who killed *Karait* is the first one to bite. Then come out and tell me, and we will hunt for Rikki-tikki together."

"But are you sure that there is anything to be gained by killing the people?" said Nag.

"Everything. When there were no people in the bungalow, did we have any mongoose in the garden? So long as the bungalow is empty, we are king and queen of the garden; and remember that as soon as our eggs in the

will go, but there is no need that we should hunt for Rikki-tikki afterward. I will kill the big man and his wife, and the child if I can, and come away quietly. Then the bungalow will be empty, and Rikki-tikki will go. I will come in the morning, Nagaina."

Rikki-tikki tingled all over with rage and hatred at this, and then Nag's head came through the sluice, and his five feet of cold body followed it. Angry as he was, Rikki-tikki was very frightened as he saw the size of the big cobra. Nag coiled himself up, raised his head, and looked into the bath-room in the dark, and Rikki could see his eyes glitter.

"Now, if I kill him here, Nagaina will know; and if I fight him on the open floor, the odds are in his favor. What am I to do?" said Rikki-tikki-tavi.

Nag waved to and fro, and then Rikki-tikki heard him drinking from the biggest water-jar that was used to fill the bath. "That is good," said the snake. "Now, when *Karait* was killed, the big man had a stick. He may have that stick still, but when he comes in to bathe in the morning he will not have a stick. I shall wait here till he comes. Nagaina—do you hear me?—I shall wait here in the cool."

There was no answer from outside, so Rikki-tikki knew Nagaina had gone away. Nag coiled himself down, coil by coil, round the bulge at the bottom of the water-jar, and Rikki-tikki stayed still as death. After an hour he began to move, muscle by muscle, toward the jar. Nag was asleep, and Rikki-tikki looked at his big back, wondering which would be the best place for a good hold. "If I don't break his back at the first jump," said Rikki, "he can still fight." He looked at the thickness

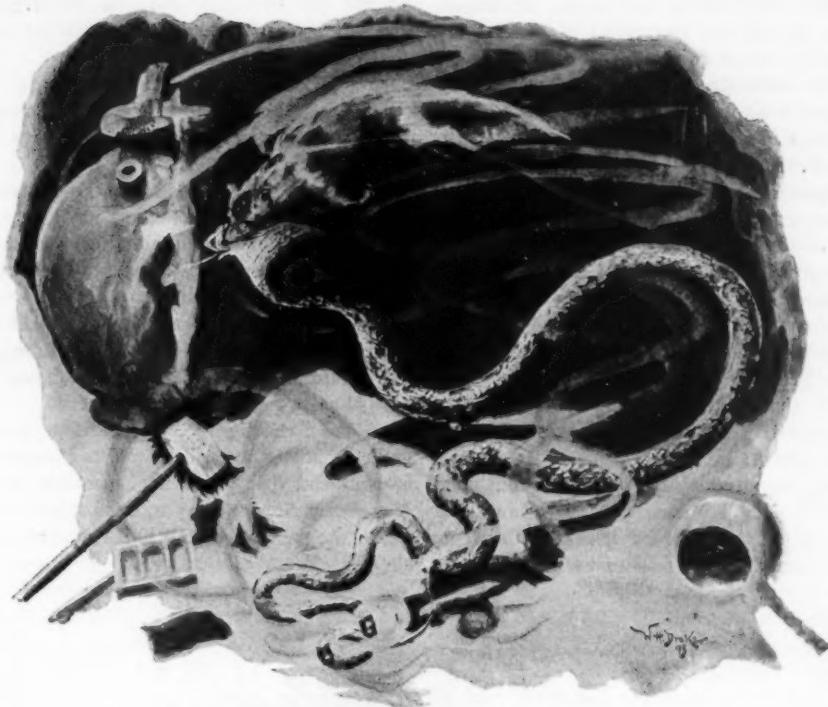


"IN THE DARK HE RAN UP AGAINST CHUCHUNDRa THE MUSKRAT."

melon-bed hatch (they may hatch to-morrow), of the neck below the hood, but that was our children will need room."

"I had not thought of that," said Nag. "I

too much for him; and a bite near the tail would only make Nag savage.



"THEN RIKKI-TIKKI WAS BATTERED TO AND FRO AS A RAT IS SHAKEN BY A DOG."

"It must be the head," he said at last—"the head above the hood; and, when I am once there, I must not let go."

Then he jumped. The head was lying a little clear of the water-jar, under the curve of it; and, as his teeth met, Rikki braced his back against the bulge to hold down the head. This gave him just one second's purchase, and he made the most of it. Then he was battered to and fro as a rat is shaken by a dog—to and fro on the floor, up and down, and round in great circles, but his eyes were red and he held on as the body cartwhipped over the floor, upsetting the tin dipper and the soap-dish and the flesh-brush, and banged against the tin side of the bath. As he held he closed his jaws tighter and tighter, for he made sure he would be banged to death, and, for the honor of his family, he preferred to be found with his teeth locked. He was dizzy, aching, and felt shaken to pieces when something went

off like a thunderclap just behind him; and a wind knocked him senseless and red fire singed his fur. The big man had been wakened by the noise, and had fired both barrels of a shot-gun into Nag just behind the hood.

Rikki-tikki held on with his eyes shut, for now he was quiet sure he was dead; but the head did not move, and the big man picked him up and said: "It 's the mongoose again, Alice; the little chap has saved *our* lives now." Then Teddy's mother came in with a very white face, and saw what was left of Nag, and Rikki-tikki dragged himself to Teddy's bedroom and spent half the rest of the night licking himself to find out whether he really was broken into forty pieces.

When morning came he was very stiff, but well pleased with his doings. "Now I have Nagaina to settle with, and she will be worse than five Nags, and there 's no knowing when

the eggs she spoke of will hatch. Goodness! I must go and see Darzee."

Without waiting for breakfast, Rikki-tikki ran to the thorn-bush where Darzee was singing a song of triumph at the top of his voice. The news of Nag's death was all over the garden, for the sweeper had thrown the body on the rubbish-heap.

"Oh, you stupid tuft of feathers!" said Rikki-tikki, angrily. "Is this the time to sing?"

"Nag is dead—is dead—is dead!" sang Darzee. "The valiant Rikki-tikki caught him by the head and held fast. The big man brought the bang-stick, and Nag fell in two pieces! He will never eat my babies again."

"All that 's true enough; but where 's Nagaina?" said Rikki-tikki, looking carefully round him.

"Nagaina came to the bath-room sluice and called for Nag," Darzee went on; "and Nag came out on the end of a stick—the sweeper picked him up on the end of a stick and threw

"For the great, the beautiful Rikki-tikki's sake I will stop," said Darzee. "What is it, O Killer of the terrible Nag?"

"Where is Nagaina, for the third time?"

"On the rubbish-heap by the stables, mourning for Nag. Great is Rikki-tikki with the white teeth."

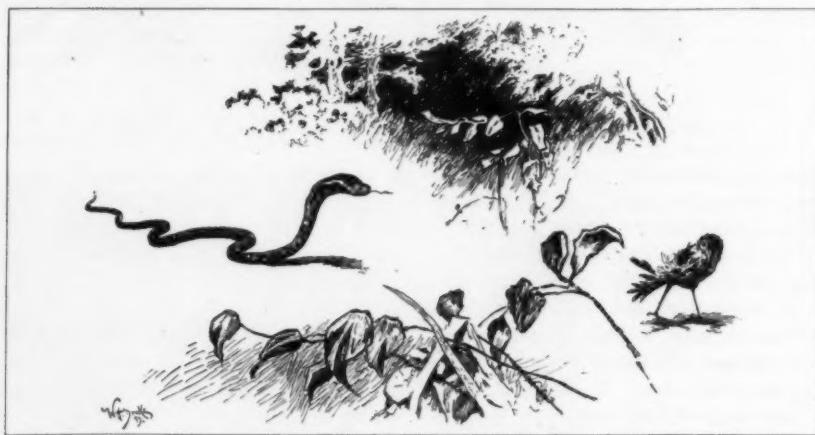
"Bother my white teeth! Have you ever heard where she keeps her eggs?"

"In the melon-bed, on the end nearest the wall, where the sun strikes nearly all day. She put them there weeks ago."

"And you never thought it worth while to tell me? The end nearest the wall, you said?"

"Rikki-tikki, you are not going to eat her eggs!"

"Not eat exactly; no. Darzee, if you have a grain of sense you will fly off to the stables and pretend that your wing is broken, and let Nagaina chase you away to this bush? I must get to the melon-bed, and if I went there now she 'd see me."



DARZEE'S WIFE PRETENDS TO HAVE A BROKEN WING.

him upon the rubbish-heap. Let us sing about the great, the red-eyed Rikki-tikki!" and Darzee filled his throat and sang.

"If I could get up to your nest, I 'd roll your babies out!" said Rikki-tikki. "You don't know when to do the right thing at the right time. You 're safe enough in your nest there, but it 's war for me down here. Stop singing a minute, Darzee."

Darzee was a feather-brained little fellow who could never hold more than one idea at a time in his head; and just because he knew that Nagaina's children were born in eggs like his own, he did n't think at first that it was fair to kill them. But his wife was a sensible bird, and she knew that cobra's eggs meant young cobras later on; so she flew off from the nest, and left Darzee to keep the babies warm, and

sing his song about the death of Nag. Darzee was very like a man.

She fluttered in front of Nagaina by the rubbish-heap, and cried out, "Oh, my wing is broken! The boy in the house threw a stone at me and broke it." Then she fluttered more desperately than ever.

Nagaina lifted up her head and hissed, "You warned Rikki-tikki when I would have killed him. Indeed and truly, you've chosen a bad place to be lame in." And she moved toward Darzee's wife, slipping along over the dust.

"The boy broke it with a stone!" shrieked Darzee's wife.

"Well! It may be some consolation to you when you're dead to know that I shall settle accounts with the boy. My husband lies on the rubbish-heap this morning, but before night the boy in the house will lie still. What is the use of running away? I am sure to catch you. Little fool, look at me!"

Darzee's wife knew better than to do *that*, for a bird who looks at a snake's eyes gets so frightened that she can't move. Darzee's wife fluttered on, piping sorrowfully, and never leaving the ground, and Nagaina quickened her pace.

Rikki-tikki heard them going up the path from the stables, and he raced for the end of the melon-patch near the wall. There, in the warm litter about the melons, very cunningly hidden, he found twenty-five eggs, about the size of a bantam's eggs, but with a whitish skin instead of shell.

"I was not a day too soon," he said; for he could see the baby cobras curled up inside the skin, and he knew that the minute they were hatched they could each kill a man or a mongoose. He bit off the tops of the eggs as fast as he could, taking care to crush the young cobras, and he turned over the litter from time to time to see whether he had missed any. At last there were only three eggs left, and Rikki-tikki began to chuckle to himself, when he heard Darzee's wife screaming:

"Rikki-tikki, I led Nagaina toward the house, and she has gone into the veranda, and—oh, come quickly—she means killing!"

Rikki-tikki smashed two eggs, and tumbled backward down the melon-bed with the third

egg in his mouth, and scuttled to the veranda as hard as he could put foot to the ground. Teddy and his mother and father were there at early breakfast; but Rikki-tikki saw that they were not eating anything. They sat stone-still, and their faces were white. Nagaina was coiled up on the matting by Teddy's chair, within easy striking distance of Teddy's bare leg, and she was swaying to and fro, singing a song of triumph.

"Son of the big man that killed Nag," she hissed, "stay still. I am not ready yet. Wait a little. Keep very still, all you three. If you move I strike, and if you do not move I strike. Oh, foolish people, who killed my Nag!"

Teddy's eyes were fixed on his father, and all his father could do was to whisper, "Sit still, Teddy. You must n't move. Teddy, keep still."

Then Rikki-tikki came up and cried: "Turn round, Nagaina; turn and fight!"

"All in good time," said she, without moving her eyes. "I will settle my account with *you* presently. Look at your friends, Rikki-tikki. They are still and white. They are afraid. They dare not move, and if you come a step nearer I strike."

"Look at your eggs," said Rikki-tikki, "in the melon-bed near the wall. Go and look, Nagaina."

The big snake turned half round, and saw the egg on the veranda. "Ah-h! Give it to me," she said.

Rikki-tikki put his paws one on each side of the egg, and his eyes were blood-red. "What price for a snake's egg? For a young cobra? For a young king-cobra? For the last—the very last of the brood? The ants are eating all the others down by the melon-bed."

Nagaina spun clear round, forgetting everything for the sake of the one egg; and Rikki-tikki saw Teddy's father shoot out a big hand, catch Teddy by the shoulder, and drag him across the little table with the tea-cups, safe and out of reach of Nagaina.

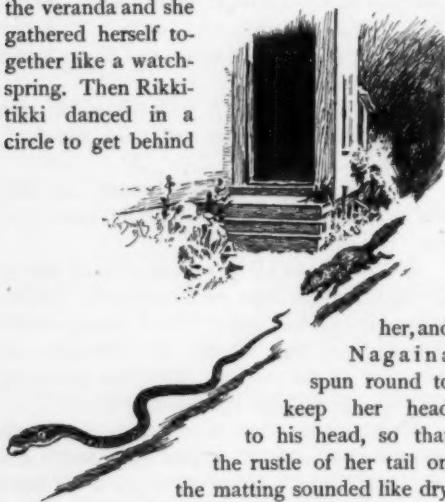
"Tricked! Tricked! Tricked!" chuckled Rikki-tikki. "The boy is safe, and it was I—I that caught Nag by the hood last night in the bath-room." Then he began to jump

up and down, all four feet together, his head close to the floor. "He threw me to and fro, but he could not shake me off. He was dead before the big man blew him in two. I did it! *Rikki-tikki-tch-tch!* Come then, Nagaina. Come and fight with me. You shall not be a widow long."

Nagaina saw that she had lost her chance of killing Teddy, and the egg lay between Rikki-tikki's paws. "Give me the egg, Rikki-tikki. Give me the last of my eggs, and I will go away and never come back," she said, lowering her hood.

"Yes, you will go away, and you will never come back; for you will go to the rubbish-heap with Nag. Fight, widow! The big man has gone for his gun! Fight!"

Rikki-tikki was bounding all round Nagaina, keeping just out of reach of her stroke, his little eyes like hot coals. Nagaina gathered herself together, and flung out at him. Rikki-tikki jumped up and backwards. Again and again and again she struck, and each time her head came with a whack on the matting of the veranda and she gathered herself together like a watch-spring. Then Rikki-tikki danced in a circle to get behind



"NAGAINA FLEW DOWN THE PATH, WITH RIKKI-TIKKI BEHIND HER."

He had forgotten the egg. It still lay on the veranda, and Nagaina came nearer and nearer to it, till at last, while Rikki-tikki was drawing breath, she caught it in her mouth, turned to the veranda steps, and flew like an

arrow down the path, with Rikki-tikki behind her. When the cobra runs for her life, she goes like a whip-lash flicked across a horse's neck. Rikki-tikki knew that he must catch her, or all the trouble would begin again. She headed straight for the long grass by the thorn-bush, and as he was running Rikki-tikki heard Darzee still singing his foolish little song of triumph. But Darzee's wife was wiser. She flew off her nest as Nagaina came along, and flapped her wings about Nagaina's head. If Darzee had helped they might have turned her; but Nagaina only lowered her hood and went on. Still, the instant's delay brought Rikki-tikki up to her, and as she plunged into the rat-hole where she and Nag used to live, his little white teeth were in her tail, and he went down with her—and very few mongooses, however wise and old they may be, care to follow a cobra into its hole. It was dark in the hole; and Rikki-tikki never knew when it might open out and give Nagaina room to turn and strike at him. He held on savagely, and stuck out his feet to act as brakes on the dark slope of the hot, moist earth. Then the grass by the mouth of the hole stopped waving, and Darzee said: "It is all over with Rikki-tikki! We must sing his death-song. Valiant Rikki-tikki is dead! For Nagaina will surely kill him underground."

So he sang a very mournful song that he made up on the spur of the minute, and just as he got to the most touching part the grass quivered again, and Rikki-tikki, covered with dirt, dragged himself out of the hole leg by leg, licking his whiskers. Darzee stopped with a little shout. Rikki-tikki shook some of the dust out of his fur and sneezed. "It is all over," he said. "The widow will never come out again." And the red ants that live between the grass stems heard him, and began to troop down one after another to see if he had spoken the truth.

Rikki-tikki curled himself up in the grass and slept where he was—slept and slept till it was late in the afternoon, for he had had a hard day's work.

"Now," he said, when he awoke, "I will go back to the house. Tell the Coppersmith, Darzee, and he will tell the garden that Nagaina is dead."

The Coppersmith is a bird who makes a noise exactly like the beating of a little hammer on a copper pot; and the reason why he is always making it is because he is the town-crier in an Indian garden, and tells all the news to everybody. As Rikki-tikki went up the path, he heard his "attention" notes like a tiny dinner-gong; and then the steady "*Ding-dong-tock!* Nag is dead—*dong!* Nagaina is dead! *Ding-dong-tock!*" That set all the birds in the garden singing, and the frogs croaking; for Nag and Nagaina used to eat frogs as well as little birds.

When he got to the house, Teddy and Teddy's mother (she looked very white still, for she had been fainting) and Teddy's father came out and almost cried over him; and that night he ate all that was given him till he could eat no more, and went to bed on Teddy's shoulder, where Teddy's mother saw him when she came to look late at night.

"He saved our lives and Teddy's life," she said to her husband. "Just think, he saved all our lives."

Rikki-tikki woke up with a jump, for all the mongooses are light sleepers.



"IT IS ALL OVER."

"Oh, it 's you," said he. "What are you bothering for? All the cobras are dead; and if they were n't, I 'm here."

Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself; but he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden as a mongoose should keep it, till never a snake dared show its head inside the walls.

# The Three Robbers. A Riddle.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.

HEY were three robbers; aye,  
And they robbed a red, red rose;  
And they came from out the sky,  
And they went where no man knows.

One came—a robber bold—  
And a sable coat he wore,  
And a belt of dusty gold,  
And he robbed her treasure-store;



One came when the day was young,  
And rent the curtain gray  
Of mist that round her hung,  
And he stole her pearls away;

One came when the day was dead,  
And no man saw him pass;  
And he caught her petals red  
And threw them upon the grass.

Three robbers bold were they,  
And they robbed a red, red rose;  
And they came and went away,  
And whither—no man knows.



## DAY-DREAMS ON THE DIKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANS BRINKER."

THERE were five of them,—Dirk van Dorf, Katrina van Dorf, Greitje Kuyt, Kassy Riker, and Ludoff Kleef,—five stout little Hollanders, all well and happy, and all sitting in the broad, bright sunlight—dreaming!

It was not so at first, you must know. They had been trudging along the great dike, their loose *klompen*\* beating the hard clay, laughing a little, talking less, yet with an air of good-fellowship about them—these chubby little neighbor children, who knew each other so well that by a nod or a gesture, or throwing a quick glance or a smile, they could take one another's meaning and make two words do the work of twenty. Their fathers and mothers were thrifty, hard-working folk living in Volendam, a little fishing-village hard by, built under one of the dikes of the Zuyder Zee.

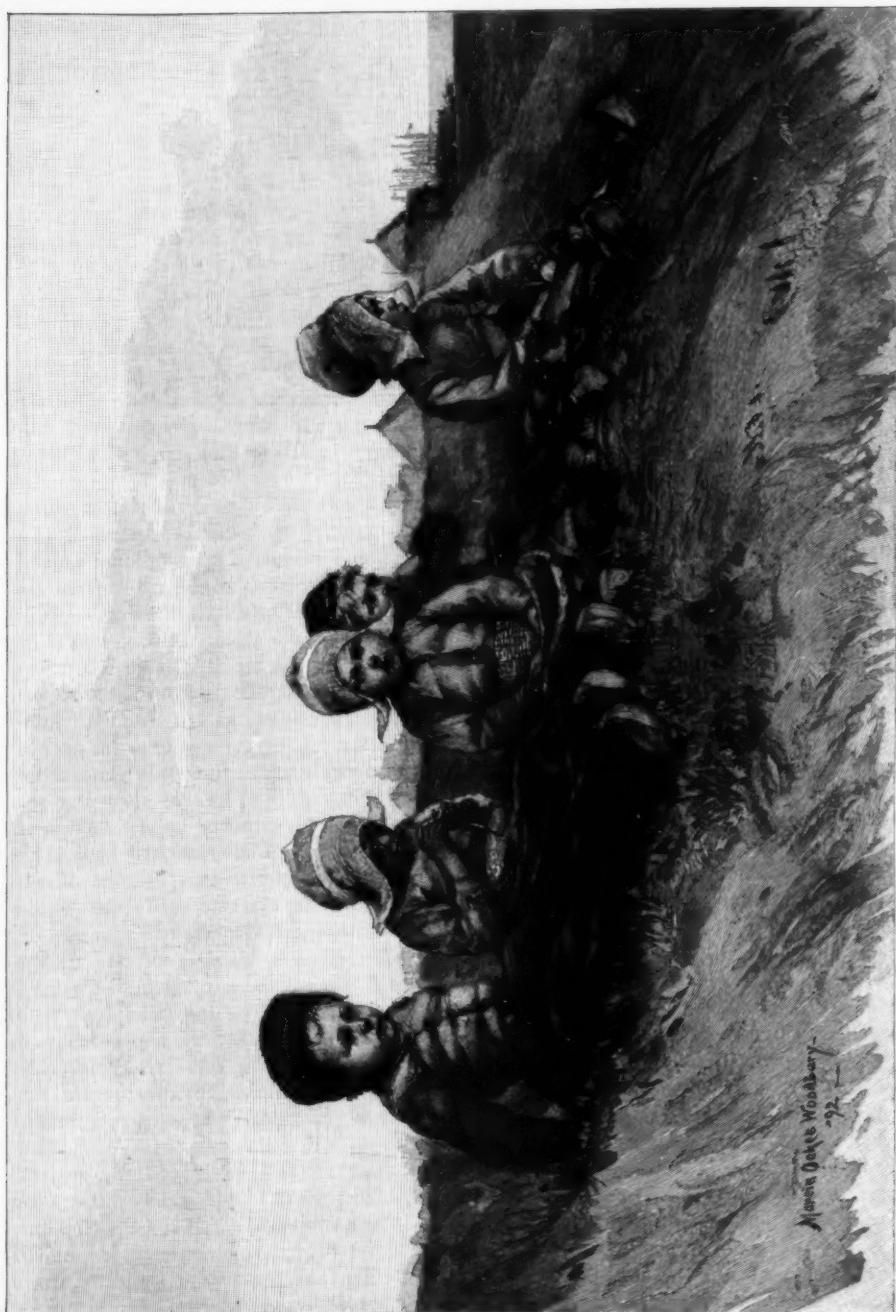
The children, being Hollanders, knew quite well that the dike they were treading was a massive, wide bank or wall built to keep back the sea that was forever trying to spread itself over Holland, though Holland by no means intended to allow it to do any such thing. And they knew also, as did all Volendam, that Jan van Riper had been out over long in his little fishing-boat, and that there had been heavy winds after he started; also that his wife, who was continually scolding him, was now going about, her eyes red with weeping, telling the neighbors how good and easy he was, and how he would n't harm a kitten—Jan would n't! They knew, moreover, that Adrian Runcel's tulip-bed was a show; hardly another man in the village had a flower worth looking at, if you went in for size, color, and stiffness. They knew, besides, that ever so many queer, flapping and squirming things had been hauled in that very morning by Peter Loop's big net—only he was dreadfully cross, and would n't let a body come near it—that is, a little body. Above all, they knew that the mother of Ludoff

Kleef was coming to join them as soon as she could finish up her dairy-work, and get herself and the children ready. All the party need do was to keep along the dike and be good, and take care of little Ludoff, and sit down and rest whenever they felt like resting, and of all things they were not to soil or tear their clothes. So you see they were neither empty-headed nor careworn, nor were they in any danger of falling asleep; yet there they sat, on the dike, dreaming!

Kassy Riker was the first to glide into a dream, though sitting close beside little Ludoff, who wriggled, and wondered why his mother and sister and baby brother did n't come. He wanted to cry, but he felt in the depths of his baby soul that Kassy would n't heed him if he did; and as for the others, Greitje Kuyt was gazing a thousand miles out to sea already; Katrina van Dorf was so busy with her knitting that she had forgotten there was such a thing as a small boy in the world; and as for big boy Dirk van Dorf, he was altogether too grand a person to be moved by any amount of howling. So little Ludoff amused himself by watching a long straw that in the still air hitched itself along till it wavered feebly on the edge of the dike, uncertain whether to stay on shore or start on a seafaring career. If the straw had settled on any course of action, Ludoff would have done the same; but, as it was, Ludoff kept on watching and watching it until, in the stillness, he forgot all about being a little boy who wanted his mother; for was not the straw whisking one end feebly, and turning round to begin again?

Meantime Greitje Kuyt gazed out to sea, the great Zuyder Zee, wondering why any one should think it was trying to come ashore and do mischief. It was so quiet, so grand, and it bore the big fishing-smacks so patiently, when it could so easily topple them over! Mother

\* Wooden shoes.



"FIVE STOUT LITTLE HOLLANDERS, ALL SITTING IN THE BROAD BRIGHT SUNLIGHT—DREAMING!"

was patient and peaceful, too. Greitje, herself, so went her day-dream, would be just like Mother, one of these days: she would sew and mend and churn and bake, only she would make more cakes and less bread. Yes, she would bake great chests full of cinnamon-cakes,—*kaneel koekjes*,—such as they sold at the kermess; and she would be, oh, just as good and kind to her little girl as mother was to her, and     •     •     •

"I'm not going to stay at home all my life," Kassy Riker was thinking or dreaming. "Some day I shall keep a beautiful shop in Amsterdam, and sell laces and caps and head-gear and lovely things; and I'll curtsey and say *ja, mijnheer*, like a grand lady; and I'll learn to sing and dance better than any girl at the kermess; and I shall wear gold on my temples, and have a lovely jacket for skating days; and every month I'll come back for a while, and bring lovely things to Father, Mother, and the minister; and     •     •     •"

"I've done full a finger-length of it today," mused Katrina, as she pressed her red lips together and worked steadily at the chain she was weaving on a pin-rack for her father. "It will be done by his birthday, and I'll hang his big silver watch on it when he's asleep, and then kiss and hug him till he opens his eyes. Ah, how we all will wish him a happy day and the Lord's blessing! And if he gives me a little cart some time for my dog 'Shag' to draw, I think I'll fill it full of wet, shining fish and sell them at the market-town. No; I'll help Mother very hard at making the cheeses; and I'll fill the cart with them; and soon Mother can have a fine new lace cap with the money, and a silk apron; and maybe I'll be so useful to the family that they'll decide to take me out of school; and then—and then I'll work and I'll save, and save, till perhaps     •     •     •"

"Can *that* be Jan van Riper's boat?" thought big boy Dirk, as he eyed a fishing-smack just coming into view. "No, it's my uncle Cuyp's. Like enough, Jan has landed somewhere and put off to foreign parts, as he often says he will when Vrouw van Riper's tongue gets too lively.

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\* *Mevrouw*, Madam (pronounced Meffrouw).

I would. I'd like to go to foreign parts, anyway. Lots of room for a fellow in Java; lots of rich Hollanders there—we Hollanders own it, they say; and there's no reason a fellow like me should n't grow to be a merchant and own warehouses, and     •     •     •     •

So the dreams ran on,—Greitje's, Kassy Riker's, Katrina's, and Dirk van Dorf's,—all different, and all very absorbing. Meantime the straw had shown itself so weak-minded and tedious that little Ludoff had nodded himself into a doze as he leaned against Greitje's plump little shoulder. The time really had not been long, only a few moments; for even a smooth sea, a soft summer breeze, and five slow but ambitious little Dutch natures could not have kept ten young legs and ten young arms quiet any longer.

A great shout from the village came faintly to the children's ears. Jan's boat was in sight! The little folk were up and alert in an instant. They turned about, to look back toward the village,—and if there was n't Ludoff's mother, Mevrouw\* Kleef, erect and smiling, coming briskly along the dike toward them! How handsome she looked, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and the big lace cap, the blue-and-black short skirt, and the low jacket over the gaily-colored under-waist. Her little Troide toddled beside her, taking two steps to the mother's one, with deep blue eyes fixed upon the line of familiar forms just risen from the dike. The baby—it was a boy: one could tell *that* by the woolen *slaapmuts*, or night-cap, on his head, for the girl-babies in Volendam never wear that kind—the baby, trim and smart, gazed from the mother's arms at the same five familiar little forms, and in a moment the children all were crowding around the mevrouw.

"Jan is back, is n't he?" asked Dirk.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered carelessly. The good woman was rather tired of her neighbor Jan van Riper's frequent misbehavings and false alarms.

"My, how warm the day!" she added, gently setting the baby down on the turf beside her; "and the dear child is as weighty as a keg of herring!"

"Oh, oh, the beauty!" exclaimed the girls,

quite enraptured with the little one; while Dirk and Ludoff doubled their fists, and pretended (to his great delight) they were going to pummel him soundly.

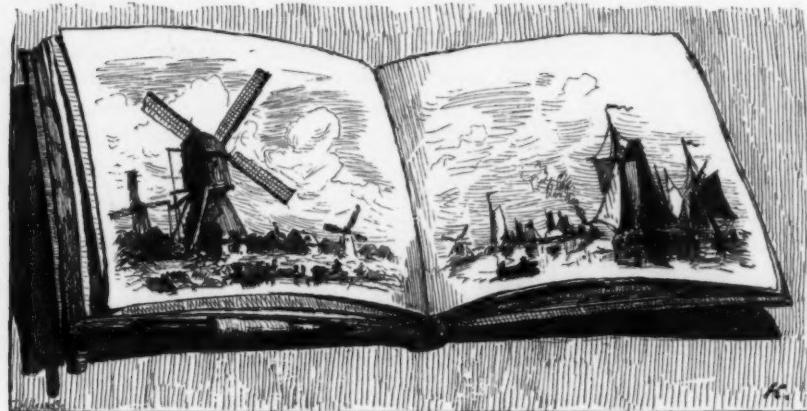
"Yes," said the mother. "He's a bouncing little man, and with a good head of his own. I was saying to myself as I came along that I should n't wonder if he should get to be a grand burgomeister some day, and rule a city, and lift us all to greatness—was n't I, my little one? There, there, don't pull my skirt off, my Ludoff!"

Then looking brightly from one to another of the group about her, Mevrouw Kleef asked:

"And what have you been about—you, Dirk, Katrina, and the rest of you?"

"Nothing," answered the children; but they all looked very happy. Day-dreams linger about us, you know, and light our way even when they are half forgotten.

So the mother took up her little burgomeister, and, rosy and smiling, trod her way back to the village, the children trudging after.



## A LESSON IN NUMBERS.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

I HAVE a little lesson  
In numbers, every day;  
And, if you like, I'll tell you  
The kind I have to say—  
I call them play.

There was a little pigeon,  
And when he said "Coo-coo!"  
Another little pigeon  
Close down beside him flew—  
Then there were TWO.

Two pretty ships were sailing  
As grandly as could be;

And "Ship ahoy!" another  
Sailed out upon the sea—  
Then there were THREE.

I had a pretty rose-bush  
That grew beside my door;  
*Three* roses bloomed upon it,  
And soon there came one more—  
Then there were FOUR.

Four bees a-gathering honey—  
The busiest things alive;  
And soon there came another  
From out the crowded hive.  
Then there were FIVE.

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Those last were rather hard ones—  
The roses and the bees;  
But my mama says "Numbers  
Get harder by degrees,"  
Harder than these!

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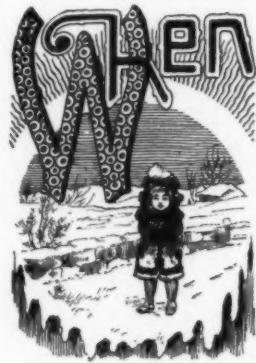


## WHEN IT 'S COLD.

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BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

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needles are in your fingers and toes;  
When icicles hang from the snow-man's nose;  
When the frost on the pane makes sugary trees,  
And wagon-wheels over the hard ground wheeze;  
When the toughened old farmer flings round his arms  
As if he'd throw them across two farms;  
When ears are rubbed, and noses are red,  
And sheets are like ice in the spare-room bed;  
When water-pipes burst, and wells freeze up,  
And the tea is n't hot when it leaves the cup;  
When stray dogs coming along the street  
Never stand for a second on all four feet;  
When little boys cry if they have to be out,  
And are heard for a full half-mile if they shout;

When the day is as clear as the thoughts that fled  
Out into the world from Shakspere's head;  
When the air about seems as still as a rock,  
And a sudden noise is a sudden shock,  
And the earth seems deserted, lonely, and old—  
You are pretty sure that it's pretty cold!

## TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

### CHAPTER I.

Do you reckon Tom Sawyer was satisfied after all them adventures? I mean the adventures we had down the river, and the time we set the darky Jim free and Tom got shot in the leg. No, he was n't. It only just p'isoned him for more. That was all the effect it had. You see, when we three came back up the river in glory, as you may say, from that long travel, and the village received us with a torch-light procession and speeches, and everybody hurrah'd and shouted, it made us heroes, and that was what Tom Sawyer had always been hankering to be.

For a while he *was* satisfied. Everybody made much of him, and he tilted up his nose and stepped around the town as though he owned it. Some called him Tom Sawyer the Traveler, and that just swelled him up fit to bust. You see he laid over me and Jim considerable, because we only went down the river on a raft and came back by the steamboat, but Tom went by the steamboat both ways. The boys envied me and Jim a good deal, but land! they just knuckled to the dirt before TOM.

Well, I don't know; maybe he might have been satisfied if it had n't been for old Nat Parsons, which was postmaster, and powerful long and slim, and kind o' good-hearted and silly, and bald-headed, on account of his age, and about the talkiest old cretur I ever see. For as much as thirty years he 'd been the only man in the village that had a reputation—I mean a reputation for being a traveler, and of course he was mortal proud of it, and it was reckoned that in the course of that thirty years he had told about that journey over a million times and enjoyed it every time. And now comes along a boy not quite fifteen, and sets everybody admiring and gawking over *his*

travels, and it just give the poor old man the high strikes. It made him sick to listen to Tom, and hear the people say "My land!" "Did you ever!" "My goodness sakes alive!" and all such things; but he could n't pull away from it, any more than a fly that 's got its hind leg fast in the molasses. And always when Tom come to a rest, the poor old cretur would chip in on *his* same old travels and work them for all they were worth, but they were pretty faded, and did n't go for much, and it was pitiful to see. And then Tom would take another innings, and then the old man again—and so on, and so on, for an hour and more, each trying to beat out the other.

You see, Parsons' travels happened like this: When he first got to be postmaster and was green in the business, there come a letter for somebody he did n't know, and there was n't any such person in the village. Well, he did n't know what to do, nor how to act, and there the letter stayed and stayed, week in and week out, till the bare sight of it give him a conviption. The postage was n't paid on it, and that was another thing to worry about. There was n't any way to collect that ten cents, and he reckon'd the Gov'ment would hold him responsible for it and maybe turn him out besides, when they found he had n't collected it. Well, at last he could n't stand it any longer. He could n't sleep nights, he could n't eat, he was thinned down to a shadder, yet he da'sn't ask anybody's advice, for the very person he asked for advice might go back on him and let the Gov'ment know about the letter. He had the letter buried under the floor, but that did no good; if he happened to see a person standing over the place it 'd give him the cold shivers, and loaded him up with suspicions, and he would sit up that night till the town was as still and dark, and ther' he would sneak there

and get it out and bury it in another place. Of course people got to avoiding him and shaking their heads and whispering, because, the way he was looking and acting, they judged he had killed somebody or done something terrible, they did n't know what, and if he had been a stranger they would 've lynched him.

"Well, as I was saying, it got so he could n't stand it any longer; so he made up his mind to pull out for Washington, and just go to the President of the United States and make a clean breast of the whole thing, not keeping back an atom, and then fetch the letter out and lay it before the whole Gov'ment, and say, "Now, there she is—do with me what you 're a mind to; though as heaven is my judge I am an innocent man and not deserving of the full

steamboating, and some stage-coaching, but all the rest of the way was horseback, and it took him three weeks to get to Washington. He saw lots of land and lots of villages and four cities. He was gone 'most eight weeks, and there never was such a proud man in the village as when he got back. His travels made him the greatest man in all that region, and the most talked about; and people come from as much as thirty miles back in the country, and from over in the Illinois bottoms, too, just to look at him—and there they 'd stand and gawk, and he 'd gabble. You never see anything like it.

Well, there was n't any way, now, to settle which was the greatest traveler; some said it was Nat, some said it was Tom. Everybody allowed that Nat had seen the most longitude,



"WE WENT OUT IN THE WOODS ON THE HILL, AND TOM TOLD US WHAT IT WAS. IT WAS A CRUSADE." (SEE PAGE 23.)

penalties of the law and leaving behind me a family that must starve and yet had n't had a thing to do with it, which is the whole truth and I can swear to it."

So he did it. He had a little wee bit of

but they had to give in that whatever Tom was short in longitude he had made up in latitude and climate. It was about a stand-off; so both of them had to whoop up their dangerous adventures, and try to get ahead *that* way. That

bullet-wound in Tom's leg was a tough thing for Nat Parsons to buck against, but he bucked the best he could; and at a disadvantage, too, for Tom did n't set still as he 'd orter done, to be fair, but always got up and sauntered around and worked his limp while Nat was painting up the adventure that *he* had in Washington; for Tom never let go that limp when his leg got well, but practised it nights at home, and kept it good as new right along.

Nat's adventure was like this; I don't know how true it is; maybe he got it out of a paper, or somewhere, but I will say this for him, that he *did* know how to tell it. He could make anybody's flesh crawl, and he 'd turn pale and hold his breath when he told it, and sometimes women and girls got so faint they could n't stick it out. Well, it was this way, as near as I can remember:

He come a-loping into Washington, and put up his horse and shoved out to the President's house with his letter, and they told him the President was up to the Capitol, and just going to start for Philadelphia—not a minute to lose if he wanted to catch him. Nat 'most dropped, it made him so sick. His horse was put up, and he did n't know what *to* do. But just then along comes a darky driving an old ramshackly hack, and he see his chance. He rushes out and shouts: "A half a dollar if you git me to the Capitol in half an hour, and a quarter extra if you do it in twenty minutes!"

"Done!" says the darky.

Nat he jumped in and slammed the door, and away they went a-ripping and a-tearing over the roughest road a body ever see, and the racket of it was something awful. Nat passed his arms through the loops and hung on for life and death, but pretty soon the hack hit a rock and flew up in the air, and the bottom fell out, and when it come down Nat's feet was on the ground, and he see he was in the most desperate danger if he could n't keep up with the hack. He was horrible scared, but he laid into his work for all he was worth, and hung tight to the arm-loops and made his legs fairly fly. He yelled and shouted to the driver to stop, and so did the crowds along the street, for they could see his legs spinning along under the coach, and his head and shoulders bobbing inside, through

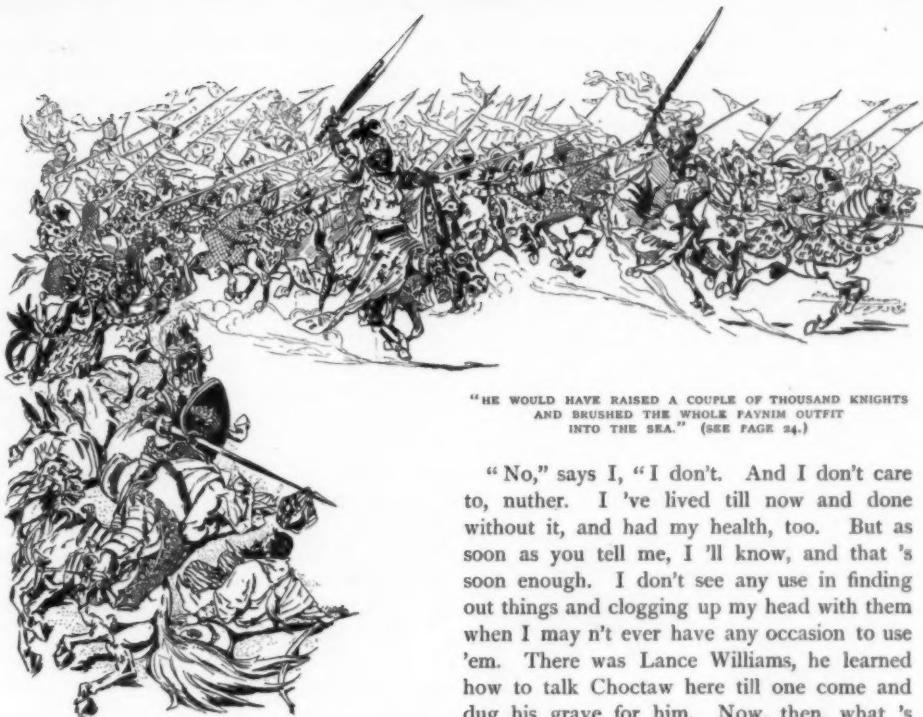
the windows, and he was in awful danger; but the more they all shouted the more the nigger whooped and yelled and lashed the horses and shouted, "Don't you fret, I 's gwine to git you dah in time, boss; I 's gwine to do it, sho'!" for you see he thought they were all hurrying him up, and of course he could n't hear anything for the racket he was making. And so they went ripping along, and everybody just petrified to see it; and when they got to the Capitol at last it was the quickest trip that ever was made, and everybody said so. The horses laid down, and Nat dropped, all tuckered out, and he was all dust and rags and barefooted; but he was in time and just in time, and caught the President and give him the letter, and everything was all right, and the President give him a free pardon on the spot, and Nat give the nigger two extra quarters instead of one because he could see that if he had n't had the hack he would n't 'a' got there in time, nor anywhere near it.

It *was* a powerful good adventure, and Tom Sawyer had to work his bullet-wound mighty lively to hold his own against it.

Well, by and by Tom's glory got to paling down gradu'lly, on account of other things turning up for the people to talk about—first a horse-race, and on top of that a house afire, and on top of that the circus, and on top of that the eclipse; and that started a revival, same as it always does, and by that time there was n't any more talk about Tom, so to speak, and you never see a person so sick and disgusted.

Pretty soon he got to worrying and fretting right along day in and day out, and when I asked him what *was* he in such a state about, he said it 'most broke his heart to think how time was slipping away, and him getting older and older, and no wars breaking out and no way of making a name for himself that he could see. Now that is the way boys is always thinking, but he was the first one I ever heard come out and say it.

So then he set to work to get up a plan to make him celebrated; and pretty soon he struck it, and offered to take me and Jim in. Tom Sawyer was always free and generous that way. There 's a plenty of boys that 's mighty



"HE WOULD HAVE RAISED A COUPLE OF THOUSAND KNIGHTS  
AND BRUSHED THE WHOLE PAYNIM OUTFIT  
INTO THE SEA." (SEE PAGE 24.)

good and friendly when *you* 've got a good thing, but when a good thing happens to come their way they don't say a word to you, and try to hog it all. That war n't ever Tom Sawyer's way, I can say that for him. There's plenty of boys that will come hankering and groveling around you when you 've got an apple, and beg the core off of you; but when they 've got one, and you beg for the core and remind them how you give them a core one time, they say thank you 'most to death, but there ain't a-going to be no core. But I notice they always git come up with; all you got to do is to wait.

Well, we went out in the woods on the hill, and Tom told us what it was. It was a crusade.

"What 's a crusade?" I says.

He looked scornful the way he 's always done when he was ashamed of a person, and says—

"Huck Finn, do you mean to tell me you don't know what a crusade is?"

"No," says I, "I don't. And I don't care to, nuther. I 've lived till now and done without it, and had my health, too. But as soon as you tell me, I 'll know, and that 's soon enough. I don't see any use in finding out things and clogging up my head with them when I may n't ever have any occasion to use 'em. There was Lance Williams, he learned how to talk Choctaw here till one come and dug his grave for him. Now, then, what 's a crusade? But I can tell you one thing before you begin; if it 's a patent-right, there 's no money in it. Bill Thompson he—"

"Patent-right!" says he. "I never see such an idiot. Why, a crusade is a kind of war."

I thought he must be losing his mind. But no, he was in real earnest, and went right on, perfectly ca'm:

"A crusade is a war to recover the Holy Land from the paynim."

"Which Holy Land?"

"Why, the Holy Land—there ain't but one."

"What do *we* want of it?"

"Why, can't you understand? It 's in the hands of the paynim, and it 's our duty to take it away from them."

"How did we come to let them git hold of it?"

"We did n't come to let them git hold of it. They always had it."

"Why, Tom, then it must belong to them, don't it?"

"Why of course it does. Who said it did n't?"

I studied over it, but could n't seem to git at the right of it, no way. I says:

"It's too many for me, Tom Sawyer. If I had a farm and it was mine, and another person wanted it, would it be right for him to—"

"Oh, shucks! you don't know enough to come in when it rains, Huck Finn. It ain't a farm, it's entirely different. You see, it's like this. They own the land, just the mere land, and that's all they do own; but it was our folks, our Jews and Christians, that made it holy, and so they have n't any business to be there defiling it. It's a shame, and we ought not to stand it a minute. We ought to march against them and take it away from them."

"Why, it does seem to me it's the most mixed-up thing I ever see! Now if I had a farm and another person—"

"Don't I tell you it has n't got anything to do with farming? Farming is business, just common low-down business; that's all it is, it's all you can say for it; but this is higher, this is religious, and totally different."

"Religious to go and take the land away from people that owns it?"

"Certainly; it's always been considered so."

Jim he shook his head, and says:

"Mars Tom, I reckon dey's a mistake about it somers—dey mos' holy is. I's religious myself, en I knows plenty religious people, but I hain't run across none dat acts like dat."

It made Tom hot, and he says:

"Well, it's enough to make a body sick, such mullet-headed ignorance! If either of you'd read anything about history, you'd know that Richard Cur de Loon, and the Pope, and Godfrey de Bulleyn, and lots more of the most noble-hearted and pious people in the world, hacked and hammered at the paynims for more than two hundred years trying to take their land away from them, and swum neck-deep in blood the whole time—and yet here's a couple of sap-headed country yahoos out in the backwoods of Missouri, setting themselves up to know more about the rights and wrongs of it than they did! Talk about cheek!"

Well, of course, that put a more different light on it, and me and Jim felt pretty cheap

and ignorant, and wished we had n't been quite so chipper. I could n't say nothing, and Jim he could n't for a while; then he says:

"Well, den, I reckon it's all right; beca'se ef dey did n't know, dey ain't no use for po' ignorant folks like us to be trying to know; en so, ef it's our duty, we got to go en tackle it en do de bes' we can. Same time, I feel as sorry for dem paynims as Mars Tom. De hard part gwine to be to kill folks dat a body hain't 'quainted wid and dat hain't done him no harm. Dat's it, you see. Ef we wuz to go 'mongst 'em, jist we three, en say we's hungry, en ast 'em for a bite to eat, why, maybe dey's jist like yuther people. Don't you reckon dey is? Why, dey'd give it, I know dey would, en den—"

"Then what?"

"Well, Mars Tom, my idea is like dis. It ain't no use, we can't kill dem po' strangers dat ain't doin' us no harm, till we've had practice—I knows it perfectly well, Mars Tom—'deed I knows it perfectly well. But ef we takes a' ax or two, jist you en me en Huck, en slips across de river to-night arter de moon's gone down, en kills dat sick fam'ly dat's over on the Sny, en burns dey house down, en—"

"Oh, you make me tired!" says Tom. "I don't want to argue any more with people like you and Huck Finn, that's always wandering from the subject, and ain't got any more sense than to try to reason out a thing that's pure theology by the laws that protect real estate!"

Now that's just where Tom Sawyer war n't fair. Jim did n't mean no harm, and I did n't mean no harm. We knowed well enough that he was right and we was wrong, and all we was after was to get at the *how* of it, and that was all; and the only reason he could n't explain it so we could understand it was because we was ignorant—yes, and pretty dull, too, I ain't denying that; but, land! that ain't no crime, I should think.

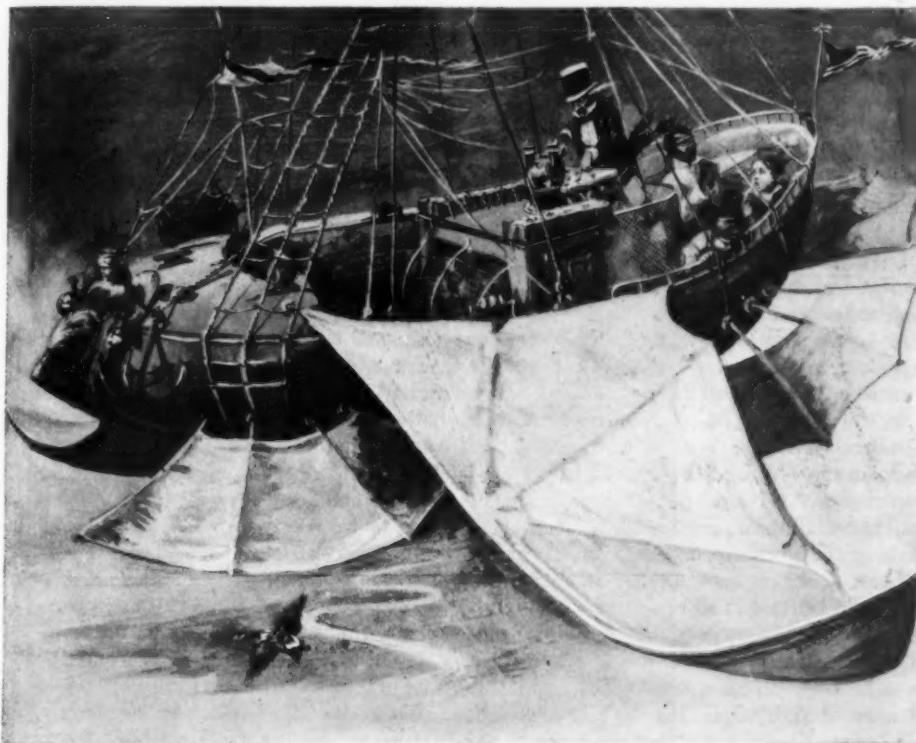
But he would n't hear no more about it—just said if we had tackled the thing in the proper spirit, he would 'a' raised a couple of thousand knights and put them in steel armor from head to heel, and made me a lieutenant and Jim a sutler, and took the command himself and brushed the whole paynim outfit into the

sea like flies and come back across the world in a glory like sunset. But he said we did n't know enough to take the chance when we had it, and he would n't ever offer it again. And he did n't. When he once got set, you could n't budge him.

But I did n't care much. I am peaceable, and don't get up rows with people that ain't

## CHAPTER II.

WELL, Tom got up one thing after another, but they all had tender spots about 'em somewheres, and he had to shove 'em aside. So at last he was about in despair. Then the St. Louis papers begun to talk a good deal about the balloon that was going to sail to Europe,



"HE SAID HE WOULD SAIL HIS BALLOON AROUND THE GLOBE, JUST TO SHOW WHAT HE COULD DO." (SEE PAGE 38.)

doing nothing to me. I allowed if the paynim was satisfied I was, and we would let it stand at that.

Now Tom he got all that notion out of Walter Scott's book, which he was always reading. And it *was* a wild notion, because in my opinion he never could 've raised the men, and if he did, as like as not he would 've got licked. I took the books and read all about it, and as near as I could make it out, most of the folks that shook farming to go crusading had a mighty rocky time of it.

and Tom sort of thought he wanted to go down and see what it looked like, but could n't make up his mind. But the papers went on talking, and so he allowed that maybe if he did n't go he might n't ever have another chance to see a balloon; and next, he found out that Nat Parsons was going down to see it, and that decided him, of course. He was n't going to have Nat Parsons coming back bragging about seeing the balloon, and him having to listen to it and keep quiet. So he wanted me and Jim to go too, and we went.

It was a noble big balloon, and had wings and fans and all sorts of things, and was n't like any balloon you see in pictures. It was away out toward the edge of town, in a vacant lot, corner of Twelfth street; and there was a big crowd around it, making fun of it, and making fun of the man,—a lean pale feller with that soft kind of moonlight in his eyes, you know,—and they kept saying it would n't go. It made him hot to hear them, and he would turn on them and shake his fist and say they was animals and blind, but some day they would find they had stood face to face with one of the men that lifts up nations and makes civilizations, and was too dull to know it; and right here on this spot their own children and grandchildren would build a monument to him that would outlast a thousand years, but his name would outlast the monument. And then the crowd would burst out in a laugh again, and yell at him, and ask him what was his name before he was married, and what he would take to not do it, and what was his sister's cat's grandmother's name, and all the things that a crowd says when they 've got hold of a feller that they see they can plague. Well, some things they said *was* funny,—yes, and mighty witty too, I ain't denying that,—but all the same it war n't fair nor brave, all them people pitching on one, and they so glib and sharp, and him without any gift of talk to answer back with. But, good land! what did he want to sass back for? You see, it could n't do him no good, and it was just nuts for them. They *had* him, you know. But that was his way. I reckon he could n't help it; he was made so, I judge. He was a good-enough sort of cretur, and had n't no harm in him, and was just a genius, as the papers said, which was n't his fault. We can't all be sound: we 've got to be the way we 're made. As near as I can make out, geniuses think they know it all, and so they won't take people's advice, but always go their own way, which makes everybody forsake them and despise them, and that is perfectly natural. If they was humbler, and listened and tried to learn, it would be better for them.

The part the professor was in was like a boat, and was big and roomy, and had water-tight lockers around the inside to keep all sorts of

things in, and a body could sit on them, and make beds on them, too. We went aboard, and there was twenty people there, snooping around and examining, and old Nat Parsons was there, too. The professor kept fussing around, getting ready, and the people went ashore, drifting out one at a time, and old Nat he was the last. Of course it would n't do to let him go out behind us. We must n't budge till he was gone, so we could be last ourselves.

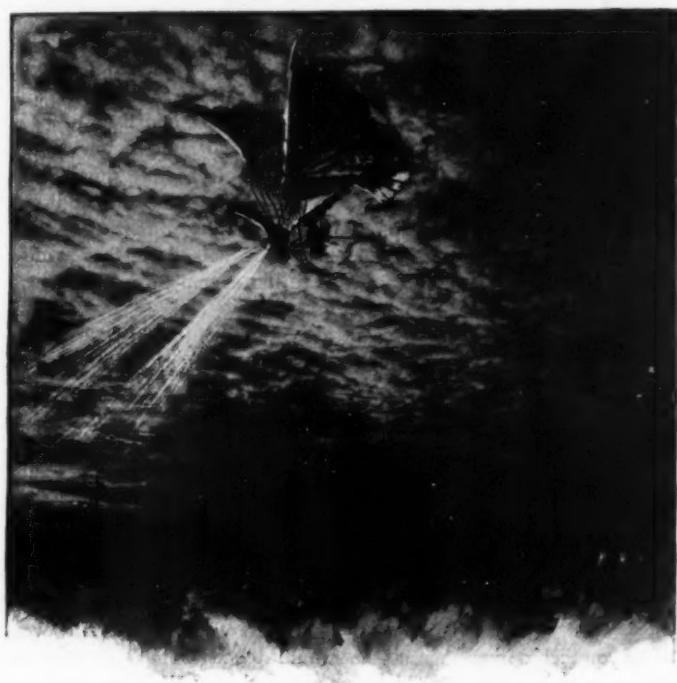
But he was gone now, so it was time for us to follow. I heard a big shout, and turned around—the city was dropping from under us like a shot! It made me sick all through, I was so scared. Jim turned gray and could n't say a word, and Tom did n't say nothing, but looked excited. The city went on dropping down, and down, and down; but we did n't seem to be doing nothing but just hang in the air and stand still. The houses got smaller and smaller, and the city pulled itself together, closer and closer, and the men and wagons got to looking like ants and bugs crawling around, and the streets like threads and cracks; and then it all kind of melted together, and there was n't any city any more: it was only a big scar on the earth, and it seemed to me a body could see up the river and down the river about a thousand miles, though of course it was n't so much. By and by the earth was a ball—just a round ball, of a dull color, with shiny stripes wriggling and winding around over it, which was rivers. The Widder Douglas always told me the earth was round like a ball, but I never took any stock in a lot of them superstitions o' hers, and of course I paid no attention to that one, because I could see myself that the world was the shape of a plate, and flat. I used to go up on the hill, and take a look around and prove it for myself, because I reckon the best way to get a sure thing on a fact is to go and examine for yourself, and not take anybody's say-so. But I had to give in, now, that the widder was right. That is, she was right as to the rest of the world, but she war n't right about the part our village is in; that part is the shape of a plate, and flat, I take my oath!

The professor had been quiet all this time, as if he was asleep; but he broke loose now, and he was mighty bitter. He says something like this:

"Idiots! They said it would n't go; and they wanted to examine it, and spy around and get the secret of it out of me. But I beat them. Nobody knows the secret but me. Nobody knows what makes it move but me; and it's a new power—a new power, and a thousand times the strongest in the earth! Steam's foolishness to it! They said I could n't go to Europe. To Europe! Why, there's power aboard to last five years, and feed for three months. They are fools! What do they know about it? Yes, and they said my air-ship was flimsy. Why, she's good for fifty years! I can

perfectly easy. He made him fetch the ship down 'most to the earth, and had him spin her along so close to the Illinois prairies that a body could talk to the farmers, and hear everything they said perfectly plain; and he flung out printed bills to them that told about the balloon, and said it was going to Europe. Tom got so he could steer straight for a tree till he got nearly to it, and then dart up and skin right along over the top of it. Yes, and he showed Tom how to land her; and he done it first-rate, too, and set her down in the prairies as soft as wool. But the minute we started to skip out the Professor says, "No, you don't!" and shot her up in the air again. It was awful. I begun to beg, and so did Jim; but it only give his temper a rise, and he begun to rage around and look wild out of his eyes, and I was scared of him.

Well, then he got on to his troubles again, and mourned and grumbled about the way he was treated, and could n't seem to git over it, and especially people's saying his ship was flimsy. He scoffed at that, and at their saying she war n't simple and would be always getting out of order. Get out of order! That graveled him; he said that she could n't any more get



"AND HERE WAS NIGHT COMING ON!"

sail the skies all my life if I want to, and steer where I please, though they laughed at that, and said I could n't. Could n't steer! Come here, boy; we 'll see. You press these buttons as I tell you."

He made Tom steer the ship all about and every which way, and learnt him the whole thing in nearly no time; and Tom said it was

out of order than the solar sister.

He got worse and worse, and I never see a person take on so. It give me the cold shivers to see him, and so it did Jim. By and by he got to yelling and screaming, and then he swore the world should n't ever have his secret at all now, it had treated him so mean. He said he would sail his balloon around the

globe just to show what he could do, and then he would sink it in the sea, and sink us all along with it, too. Well, it was the awfulest fix to be in, and here was night coming on!

He give us something to eat, and made us go to the other end of the boat, and he laid down on a locker, where he could boss all the works, and put his old pepper-box revolver under his head, and said if anybody come fooling around there trying to land her, he would kill him.

We set scrunched up together, and thought considerable, but did n't say much—only just a word once in a while when a body had to say something or bust, we was *so* scared and worried. The night dragged along slow and lonesome. We was pretty low down, and the moonshine made everything soft and pretty, and the farm-houses looked snug and homeful, and we could hear the farm sounds, and wished we could be down there; but, laws! we just slipped along over them like a ghost, and never left a track.

Away in the night, when all the sounds was late sounds, and the air had a late feel, and a late smell, too,—about a two-o'clock feel, as near as I could make out,—Tom said the Professor was so quiet this time he must be asleep, and we 'd better—

"Better what?" I says in a whisper, and feeling sick all over, because I knowed what he was thinking about.

"Better slip back there and tie him, and land the ship," he says.

I says: "No, sir! Don't you budge, Tom Sawyer."

And Jim—well, Jim was kind o' gasping, he was so scared. He says:

"Oh, Mars Tom, *don't!* Ef you teches him, we 's gone—we 's gone sho'! I ain't gwine anear him, not for nothin' in dis worl'. Mars Tom, he 's plumb crazy."

Tom whispers and says: "That 's *why* we 've got to do something. If he was n't crazy I would n't give shucks to be anywhere but here; you could n't hire me to get out,—now that I 've got used to this balloon and over the scare of being cut loose from the solid ground,—if he was in his right mind. But it 's no good politics, sailing around

like this with a person that 's out of his head, and says he 's going round the world and then drown us all. We 've *got* to do something, I tell you, and do it before he wakes up, too, or we may n't ever get another chance. Come!"

But it made us turn cold and creepy just to think of it, and we said we would n't budge. So Tom was for slipping back there by himself to see if he could n't get at the steering-gear and land the ship. We begged and begged him not to, but it war n't no use; so he got down on his hands and knees, and begun to crawl an inch at a time, we a-holding our breath and watching. After he got to the middle of the boat he crept slower than ever, and it did seem like years to me. But at last we see him get to the Professor's head, and sort of raise up soft and look a good spell in his face and listen. Then we see him begin to inch along again toward the Professor's feet where the steering-buttons was. Well, he got there all safe, and was reaching slow and steady toward the buttons, but he knocked down something that made a noise, and we see him slump down flat an' soft in the bottom, and lay still. The Professor stirred, and says, "What 's that?" But everybody kept dead still and quiet, and he begun to mutter and mumble and nestle, like a person that 's going to wake up, and I thought I was going to die, I was so worried and scared.

Then a cloud slid over the moon, and I 'most cried, I was so glad. She buried herself deeper and deeper into the cloud, and it got so dark we could n't see Tom. Then it began to sprinkle rain, and we could hear the Professor fussing at his ropes and things and abusing the weather. We was afraid every minute he would touch Tom, and then we would be goners, and no help; but Tom was already on his way back, and when we felt his hands on our knees my breath stopped sudden, and my heart fell down 'mongst my other works, because I could n't tell in the dark but it might be the Professor, which I thought it *was*.

Dear! I was so glad to have him back that I was just as near happy as a person could be that was up in the air that way with a deranged man. You can't land a balloon in the dark, and so I hoped it would keep on raining,

for I did n't want Tom to go meddling any more and make us so awful uncomfortable. Well, I got my wish. It drizzled and drizzled along the rest of the night, which was n't long, though it did seem so; and at daybreak it cleared, and the world looked mighty soft and

gray and pretty, and the forests and fields so good to see again, and the horses and cattle standing sober and thinking. Next, the sun come a-blazing up gay and splendid, and then we began to feel rusty and stretchy, and first we knewed we was all asleep.

*(To be continued.)*

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# OVER THE BRIDGE TO THE KING'S HIGHWAY



—  
By  
VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.  
—

OVER the bridge to the King's highway  
They throng and they jostle, young and old,  
With bustle and with hurry; for 't is market-  
day,  
And the mist from the river riseth cold.

Over the bridge they speed, the noisy folk,  
With chaises, with barrows, and with carts;  
The 'prentice in his cap, and the dame in her  
cloak,  
And the baker with his fresh-made tarts;

The friar with his book, and the jester with  
his bells,

The vender with red apples for his stands,  
The maid who buys, and the master who sells,  
And the little lass with blossoms in her hands.

Oh, the violets smile like her sweet blue  
eyes,

As dawn on the river stealeth down;  
But nobody heeds them and nobody buys,  
For 't is market-day in yonder busy town.

Over the bridge they have sped them one and all,  
 She watches, and she nods, and understands;  
 For they are so great and she so small—  
 This little lass with blossoms in her hands!

Will they stop? Nay, nay! they are grand,  
 they are great,  
 She nods, and she smiles, and understands;  
 They have no time, while the court doth  
 yonder wait,  
 For a little lass with blossoms in her hands.



Over the bridge to the King's  
 highway  
 They are riding in the noontide  
 sun,  
 The lords and the ladies, the courtiers gay,  
 A-gleaming and a-glancing every one.

Oh, they flash and they dart past her sweet  
 blue eyes,  
 The merry, the courtly, and the sage;  
 She sees the lance that lights, and the feather,  
 too, that flies,  
 And the lagging of the little foot-page.

She knows how the page with his lagging lit-  
 tle feet  
 Would fain for a wee rest stay;  
 They have journeyed so far, they have ridden  
 so fleet,  
 The noble, the kingly, and the gay!

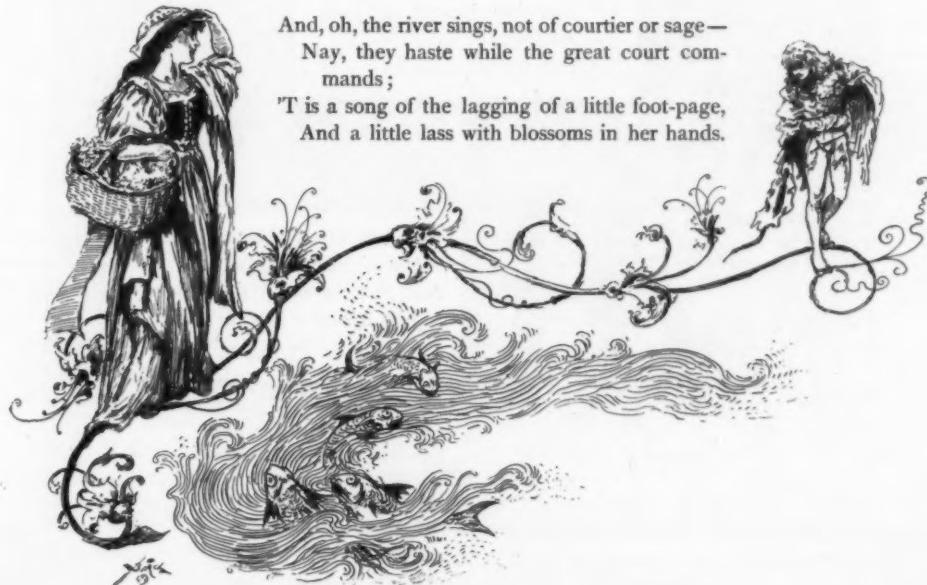
Then swiftly the leaves of her violets blue  
Are brushing his wan, pale face,—  
Oh, my blithe little lass, the court hath need of you,  
Of the gift, and the giver, and the grace !

Just a pause, just a smile from her bonny sweet eyes—  
And the river, how it laugheth to the sands;  
For the tired little page like a winged bird he flies  
A-bearing dewy blossoms in his hands !

Over the bridge in the noontide bright  
They have sped like an arrow from its bow ;  
The little lass a-shading her eyes for the sight,  
The little page's plume sweeping low.



And, oh, the river sings, not of courtier or sage—  
Nay, they haste while the great court commands ;  
'T is a song of the lagging of a little foot-page,  
And a little lass with blossoms in her hands.



# WHERE'S MOTHER?

BRIGHT curly heads pop in all day  
To ask, "Is Mother here?"  
Then give an eager glance  
around,  
And swiftly disappear.



She ought to wear a silver bell,  
Whose note, so sweet and clear,  
Should tinkle out a cheery sound,  
Repeating, "Mother's near."



And then, if any little one  
Had something glad to tell,  
Or scratches, bumps, or tears,  
or *tears*,  
Or secret woes befell,



No need to fly from room to room,  
But simply listen well,  
And, like the happy little lambs,  
Just follow "Mother's" bell.

Sarah S. Baker.

*A. W. Lambourn - 93 -*

## A MEMBER OF THE HARNESSING CLASS.

(*A Thanksgiving Story.*)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT was the day before Thanksgiving, but the warmth of a late Indian summer lay over the world, and tempered the autumn chill into mildness more like early October than late November. Elsie Thayer, driving her village cart rapidly through the "Long Woods," caught herself vaguely wondering why the grass was not greener, and what should set the leaves to tumbling off the trees in such an unsummer-like fashion,—then smiled at herself for being so forgetful.

The cart was packed full; for, besides Elsie herself, it held a bag of sweet potatoes, a sizable bundle or two, and a large market-basket from which protruded the unmistakable legs of a turkey, not to mention a choice smaller basket covered with a napkin. All these were going to the little farmstead in which dwelt Mrs. Ann Sparrow, Elsie's nurse in childhood, and the most faithful and kindly of friends ever since. Elsie always made sure that "Nursey" had a good Thanksgiving dinner, and generally carried it herself.

The day was so delightful that it seemed almost a pity that the pony should trot so fast. One would willingly have gone slowly, tasting drop by drop, as it were, the lovely sunshine filtering through the yellow beech boughs, the unexpected warmth, and the balmy spice of the air, which had in it a tinge of smoky haze. But the day before Thanksgiving is sure to be a busy one with New England folk; Elsie had other tasks awaiting her, and she knew that Nursey would not be content with a short visit.

"Hurry up, little Jack," she said. "You shall have a long rest presently, if you are a good boy, and some nice fresh grass—if I can find any; anyway, a little drink of water. So make haste."

Jack made haste. The yellow wheels of the cart spun in and out of the shadow like circles

of gleaming sun. When the two miles were achieved, and the little clearing came into view, Elsie slackened her pace: she wanted to take Nursey by surprise. Driving straight to a small open shed, she deftly unharnessed the pony, tied him with a liberal allowance of halter, hung up the harness, and wheeled the cart away from his heels, all with the ease which is born of practice. She then gathered a lapful of brown but still nourishing grasses for Jack, and was about to lift the parcels from the wagon when she was espied by Mrs. Sparrow.

Out she came, hurrying and flushed with pleasure,—the dearest old woman, with pink, wrinkled cheeks like a perfectly baked apple, and a voice which still retained its pleasant English tones, after sixty long years in America.

"Well, Missy dear, so it 's you. I made sure you 'd come, and had been watching all the morning; but somehow I missed you when you drove up, and it was just by accident like that I looked out of window and see you in the shed. You 're looking well, Missy. That school has n't hurt you a bit. Just the same nice color in your cheeks as ever. I was that troubled when I heard you wa'n't coming home last summer, for I thought maybe you was ill; but your mother she said 't was all right and just for your pleasure, and I see it was so. Why,"—her voice changing to consternation,—"if you have n't unharnessed the horse! Now, Missy, how came you to do that? You forgot there was n't no one about but me. Who 's to put him in for you, I wonder?"

"Oh, I don't want any one. I can harness the pony myself."

"Oh, Missy, dear, you must n't do that. I could n't let you. It 's real hard to harness a horse. You 'd make some mistake, and then there 'd be a accident."

"Nonsense, Nursey! I 've harnessed Jack once this morning already; it 's just as easy to do it twice. I 'm a member of a Harnessing Class, I 'd have you to know; and, what 's more, I took the prize!"

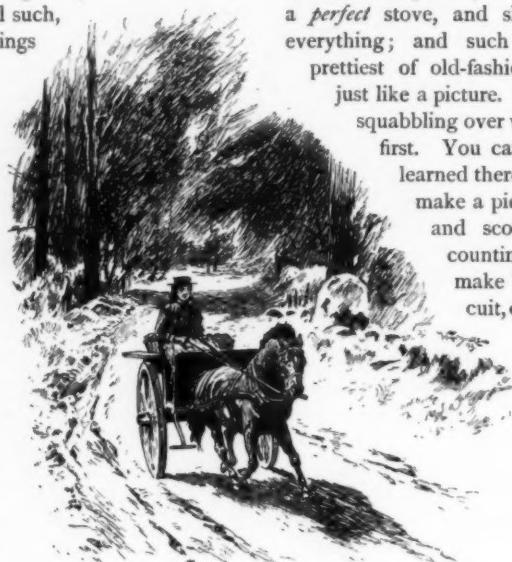
"Now, Missy dear, whatever do you mean by that? Young ladies learn to harness! I never heard of such a thing in my life! In my young time in England, they learned globes and langwidges, and, it might be, to paint in oils and such, and make nice things in chenille."

"I 'll tell you all about it; but first let us carry these things up to the house. Here 's your Thanksgiving turkey, Nursey,—with Mother's love. Papa sent you the sweet potatoes and the cranberries, and the oranges and figs and the pumpkin-pie are from me. I made the pie myself. That 's another of the useful things that I learned to do at my school."

"The master is very kind, Missy; and so is your mother; and I 'm thankful to you all. But that 's a queer school of yours, it seems to me. For my part, I never heard of young ladies learning such things as cooking and harnessing at boarding-schools."

"Oh, we learn arts and languages, too,—that part of our education is n't neglected. Now, Nursey, we 'll put these things in your buttery, and you shall give me a glass of nice cold milk, and while I drink it I 'll tell you about Rosemary Hall—that 's the name of the school, you know; and it 's the dearest, nicest place you can think of."

"Very likely, Miss Elsie," in an unconvinced tone; "but still I don't see any reason why



"HURRY UP, LITTLE JACK!" SHE SAID."

they should set you to making pies and harnessing horses."

"Oh, that 's just at odd times, by way of fun and pleasure; it is n't lessons, you know. You see, Mrs. Thanet—that 's a rich lady who lives close by, and is a sort of fairy godmother to us girls—has a great notion about practical education. It was she who got up the Harnessing Class and the Model Kitchen. It 's the dearest little place you ever saw, Nursey, with a *perfect* stove, and shelves, and books for everything; and such bright tins, and the prettiest of old-fashioned crockery! It 's

just like a picture. We girls were always squabbling over whose turn should come first. You can't think how much I learned there, Nursey! I learned to make a pie, and clear out a grate, and scour saucepans, and"—counting on her fingers—"to make bread, rolls, minute-biscuit, coffee—delicious coffee,

Nursey! — good soup, creamed oysters, and pumpkin-pies and apple-pies! Just wait and you shall see."

She jumped up, ran into the buttery, and soon returned carrying a triangle of pie on a plate.

"It is n't Thanksgiving yet, I know; but there is no law against eating pumpkin-pie the day before, so please, Nursey, taste this and see if you don't call it good. Papa says it makes him think of his mother's pies when he was a little boy."

"Indeed and it is good, Missy dear; and I won't deny but cooking may be well for you to know; but for that other—the harnessing class, as you call it,—I don't see the sense of that at all, Missy."

"Oh, Nursey, indeed there is a great deal of sense in it. Mrs. Thanet says it might easily happen, in the country especially,—if any one was hurt or taken very ill, you know,—that life might depend upon a girl's knowing how to

harness. She had a man teach us, and we practised and practised, and at the end of the term there was an exhibition, with a prize for the girl who could harness and unharness quickest, and I won it! See, here it is."

She held out a slim brown hand, and displayed a narrow gold bangle, on which was engraved in minute letters, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

"Is n't it pretty?" she asked.

"Yes," doubtfully; "the bracelet is pretty enough, Missy; but I can't quite like what it stands for. It don't seem ladylike for you to be knowing about harnesses and such things."

"Oh, Nursey dear, what nonsense!"

There were things to be done after she got home, but Elsie could not hurry her visit. Jack consumed his grass heap, and then stood sleepily blinking at the flies for a long hour before his young mistress jumped up.

"Now, I must go," she cried. "Come out and see me harness up, Nursey."

It was swiftly and skilfully done, but still Nurse Sparrow shook her head.

"I don't like it!" she insisted. "'A horse shall be a vain thing for safety'—that's in Holy Writ."

"You are an obstinate old dear," said Elsie, good-humoredly. "Wait till you're ill some day, and I go for the doctor. Then you'll realize the advantage of practical education. What a queer smell of smoke there is, Nursey!" gathering up her reins.

"Yes; the woods has been on fire for quite a spell, back on the other side of Bald Top. You can smell the smoke most of the time. Seems to me it's stronger than usual, today."

"You don't think there is any danger of its coming this way, do you?"

"Oh, no!" contentedly. "I don't suppose it could come so far as this."

"But why not?" thought Elsie to herself as she drove rapidly back. "If the wind were right for it, why should n't it come this way? Fires travel much farther than that on the prairies—and they go very fast, too. I never did like having Nursey all alone by herself on that farm."

She reached home to find things in unex-

pected confusion. Her father had been called away for the night by a telegram, and her mother—on this of all days—had gone to bed disabled with a bad headache. There was much to be done, and Elsie flung herself into the breach and did it, too busy to think again of Nurse Sparrow and the fire, until, toward nightfall, she noted that the wind had changed and was blowing straight from Bald Top, bringing with it an increase of smoke.

She ran out to consult the hired man before he went home for the night, and to ask if he thought there was any danger of the fire reaching the Long Woods. He "guessed" not.

"These fires get going quite often on to the other side of Bald Top, but there ain't none of 'em come over this way, and 't ain't likely they ever will. I guess Mis' Sparrow's safe enough. You need n't worry, Miss Elsie."

In spite of this comforting assurance, Elsie did worry. She looked out of her west window the last thing before going to bed; and when, at two in the morning, she woke with a sudden start, her first impulse was to run to the window again. Then she gave an exclamation, and her heart stood still with fear; for the southern slopes of Bald Top were ringed with flames which gleamed dim and lurid through the smoke, and showers of sparks thrown high in air showed that the edges of the woods beyond Nursey's farm were already burning.

"She'll be frightened to death," thought Elsie. "Oh, poor dear, and no one to help her!"

What should she do? To go after the man and waken him meant a long delay. He was a heavy sleeper, and his house was a quarter of a mile distant. But there was Jack in the stable, and the stable key was in the hall below. As she dressed, she decided.

"How glad I am that I can do this!" she thought as she flung the harness over the pony's back, strapped, buckled, adjusted,—doing all with a speed which yet left nothing undone and slighted nothing. Not even on the day when she took the prize had she put her horse in so quickly. She ran back at the last moment for two warm rugs. Deftly guiding Jack over the grass that his hoofs should make no

noise, she gained the road, and, quickening him to his fastest pace, drove fearlessly into the dark woods.

They were not so dark as she had feared they would be, for the light of a late, low-hung moon penetrated the trees, with perhaps some reflections from the far-away fire, so that



"SHE EVEN DROVE BY ONE PLACE WHERE THE WOODS WERE AFIRE."

she easily made out the turns and windings of the track. The light grew stronger as she advanced. The main fire was still far distant, but before she reached Nurse's little clearing, she even drove by one place where the woods were afire.

She had expected to find Mrs. Sparrow in an agitation of terror; but behold, she was in her bed, sound asleep! Happily, it was easy to get at her. Nurse's theory was that "if anybody thought it would pay him to sit up at night and rob an old woman, he'd do it anyway, and need n't have the trouble of getting in at the window"; and on the strength of this philosophical utterance she went to bed with the door on the latch.

She took Elsie for a dream at first.

"I'm just a-dreaming. I ain't a-going to

wake up, you need n't think it," she muttered sleepily.

But when Elsie at last shook her into consciousness, and pointed at the fiery glow on the horizon, her terror matched her previous unconcern.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she wailed, as with trembling, suddenly stiff fingers she put on her clothes. "I'm a-going to be burned out! It's hard at my time of life, just when I had got things tidy and comfortable. I was a-thinking of sending over for my niece to the Isle of Dogs, and getting her to come and stay with me, I was indeed, Missy. But there won't be any use in that now."

"Perhaps the fire won't come so far as this after all," said the practical Elsie.

"Oh, yes, it will! It's most here now."

"Well, whether it does or not, I'm going to carry you home with me, where you will be

safe. Now, Nursey, tell me which of your things you care most for, that we can take with us—small things, I mean. Of course we can't carry tables and beds in my little cart."

The selection proved difficult. Nurse's affections clung to a tall eight-day clock, and were hard to be detached. She also felt strongly that it was a clear flying in the face of Providence not to save "Sparrow's chair," a solid structure of cherry with rockers weighing many pounds, and quite as wide as the wagon. Elsie coaxed and remonstrated, and at last got Nursey into the seat, with the cat and a bundle of her best clothes in her lap, her tea-spoons in her pocket, a basket of specially beloved baking-tins under the seat, and a favorite feather-bed at the back, among whose billowy folds were tucked away an assortment of

treasures ending with the Thanksgiving goodies which had been brought over that morning.

"I can't leave that turkey behind, Missy dear—I really can't!" pleaded Nursey. "I've been thinking of him, and anticipating how good he was going to be, all day; and I have n't had but one taste of your pie. They're so little they'll go in anywhere."

The fire seemed startlingly near now, and the western sky was all aflame, while over against it in the east burned the first yellow beams of dawn. People were astir by this time, and men on foot and horseback were hurrying toward the burning woods. They stared curiously at the oddly laden cart.

"Why, you did n't ever come over for me all alone!" cried Nurse Sparrow, rousing suddenly to a sense of the situation. "I've be'n that flustered that I never took thought of how you got across, or anything about it. Where was your pa, Missy,—and Hiram?"

Elsie explained.

"Oh, you blessed child; and if you had n't come I'd have been burned in my bed as like as not!" cried the old woman, quite overpowered. "Well, well! little did I think, when you was a baby and I a-tending you, that the day was to come when you were to run yourself into danger for the sake of saving my poor old life!"

"I don't see that there has been any particular danger for me to run, so far; and as for saving your life, Nursey, it would very likely have saved itself if I had n't come near you. See, the wind has changed; it is blowing from the

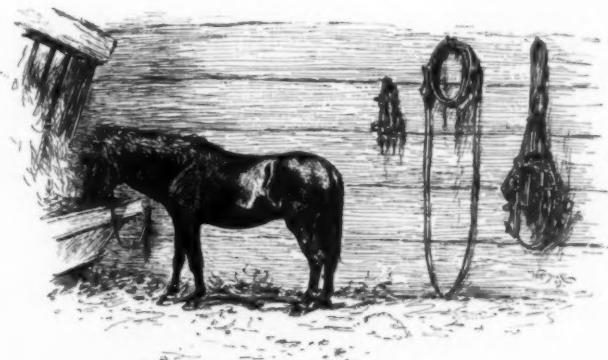
north now. Perhaps the fire won't reach your house, after all. But, anyway, I am glad you are here and not there. We cannot be too careful of such a dear old Nursey as you are. And one thing, I think, you'll confess,—Elsie's tone was a little mischievous,—“and that is, that harnessing classes have their uses. If I had n't known how to put Jack in the cart, I might at this moment be hammering on the door of that stupid Hiram (who, you know, sleeps like a log!) trying to wake him, and you on the clearing alone, scared to death. Now, Nursey, own up: Mrs. Thanet was n't so far wrong, now was she?"

"Indeed no, Missy. It'd be very ungrateful for me to be saying that. The lady judged wiser than I did."

"Very well, then," cried Elsie, joyously. "If only your house is n't burned up, I shall be glad the fire happened; for it's such a triumph for Mrs. Thanet, and she'll be so pleased!"

Nursey's house did not burn down. The change of wind came just in time to save it; and, after eating her own Thanksgiving turkey in her old home, and being petted and made much of for a few days, she went back none the worse for her adventure, to find her goods and chattels in their usual places and all safe.

And Mrs. Thanet *was* pleased. She sent Elsie a pretty locket with the date of the fire engraved upon it, and wrote that she gloried in her as the Vindicator of a Principle, which fine words made Elsie laugh; but she enjoyed being praised all the same.





I.

"THIS, ladies and gents, is the tattooed man,"  
The lecturer, with a cough, began.  
"The aborigines' spear an' dart  
Has made him a livin' work of art;  
Just notice, please, how they pricked in there  
'Washin'tun crossin' the Delaware.'



"A LIVIN' WORK OF ART!"

II.

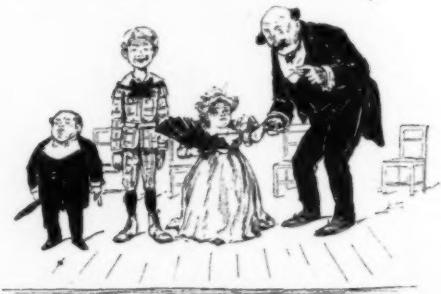
"Now this here lady, the weight of who  
Is just five hundred an' eighty-two,  
Is as pleasin' a conversation'list,  
Ladies an' gents, as could be wished.  
Saturday week, at half-past one,  
She 's to marry the livin' skellytun.



"SHE 'S TO MARRY THE LIVIN' SKELLYTUN."

III.

"Next is the midgets, an' their son  
As big as his pa an' ma in one;  
When he 's as naughty as he can be,  
They never take him upon their knee,  
An' trounce him, an' send him off to bed —  
Kind words are what they use instead.



THE MIDGETS AND THEIR SON.

## IV.

"These are the famous Texas gi'nts,  
Twins who could give Goliah p'ints;

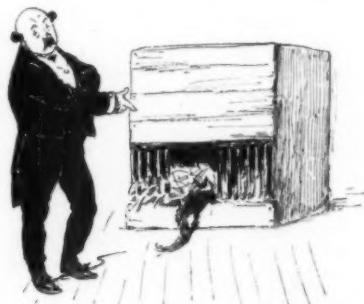


"NEITHER IS DONE A-GROWIN' YET."

The height of this one is eight foot four,  
An' that one can go him a half-inch more:  
Ladies an' gents, please don't forget  
Neither is done a-growin' yet.

## V.

Ladies an' gents, in this here cage  
Is the greatest wonder of all the age:



THE WHAT-IS-IT.

The What-Is-It, which, as you may know,  
Is puzzlin' all the professors so.  
It's gone in the box now, but don't fail  
To take a look at its trailin' tail.

## VI.

"These are the cannibuls, brought hence,  
Ladies an' gents, at great expense.  
Sixty-seven, I 'm grieved to state,  
Is the number of persons they have ate;  
They're chained, so there ain't a thing to fear,  
But the babies had better not go too near.



"THEY'RE CHAINED, SO THERE AIN'T A THING  
TO FEAR."

## VII.

Now, thankin' you kindly, if you'll come  
Down into the theaterum,  
You'll see a performance that's simply great  
Of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin, Up to Date,'  
With the 'riginul Little Eva, an'  
A pack of bloodhounds from Turkistan!"



"DOWN INTO THE THEATORIUM."



OLD SPANISH HOUSES, NEW ORLEANS.

## NEW ORLEANS.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

MOST of those who go to New Orleans in these days of haste reach it by rail. If they come by any of the three routes that lie through Mississippi or Alabama, they run for a long time through an undulating country, wild in a most gentle way, and covered with towering pines in almost unbroken forests.

Then they come to flat lands, pine-barrens, sea-mashes, quaking prairies, and tangled swamps of tupelo and dwarf palmetto, or of cypress—the lofty kind that is not evergreen. These great cypresses, with their perpetual drapery of Spanish moss (which I have gathered eight feet long), are very dreary in winter, but solemnly beautiful in the eight months of spring's green and summer's purple haze and golden glow.

Or on some warm spring day, with Mobile at their backs, they emerge upon the low shores of Mississippi Sound, at the great delta's eastern corner, and spin out across Grand Plains, that are robed in green rushes, belted by the blue sky and bluer gulf, garlanded like a May-queen with mallows, morning-glories, and the flower-de-luce, and cuirassed in the steel and silver of salty lakelets and ponds.

But those who come from these directions meet one drawback: they must enter the town through its back yard, so to speak. But presently the river-front is reached,—the levee, the sugar-sheds, the shipping, the long steamboat-landing,—and the city's commercial life is before

you, and you leave the train at the foot of Canal street, the apple of New Orleans' eye.

Some visitors to the city approach it by steamboat, coming down the Mississippi River. These, by the time they arrive, are familiar with sugar-plantations, negro-quarters, planters' homes, islands of willow and cottonwood, and the fascinating hurly-burly of the steamboat's lower deck, where the black roustabouts laugh and sing while performing prodigious labors.

Others, but they are a very few, arrive by ocean steamer, through the world-renowned Eads jetties. These have to ascend the river's hundred or so miles where it runs below the city, eastward—not south—to empty for all time its myriad tons of red and yellow Rocky Mountain sand into that ever-quaking sieve, the wonderful blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

These travelers by the great steamers have seen no end of rice-fields and sugar-houses, groves of orange, and plantation avenues of live-oak and pecan trees. They have come by the remains of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which Farragut, on that ever-famous April night in 1862, ran past with his wooden ships while the thundering forts were trying to make remains of him. And they have come round English Turn, a bend in the river where Bienville, the founder of New Orleans and "Father of Louisiana," once met some English explorers, and induced them to turn back by telling them something very much

VARRAGUET'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS BELOW NEW ORLEANS. (FROM "BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR"; THE CENTURY CO.)

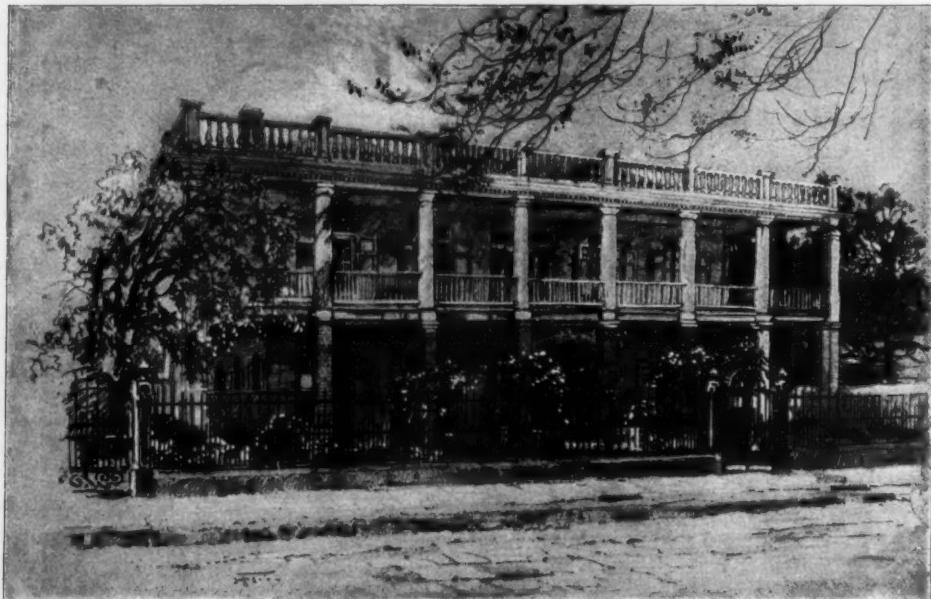




"THE HOUSE'S GARDEN AND GROUNDS WERE BOUNDED BY ORANGE-TREES."

like a fib,—English Turn, where, nearly a century and a half later, the frenzied people of New Orleans first saw the masts and yards of Farragut's fleet, and the flash of his guns as he silenced

hardly have looked around—when I learned how to do so—without being interested in my neighborhood. The house's garden and grounds were bounded four-square by an unbroken line—



OLD PLANTATION VILLA ON ANNUNCIATION STREET.

a hedge, almost,—of orange-trees, in which the orchard-oriole sang by day and the mocking-bird all night. Along the garden walks grew the low, drooping trees of that kindest—to good children—of all tree-fruits, the fig; though many's the time and many's the fig-tree in which I've made my mouth sore—so sore I could n't laugh with comfort—through eating the fig, by the

stands, without any special history of its own, on a very small fraction of the lands given to those priests by the French king. In front of it is Annunciation Square, from whose northern gate one looked down a street of the same name.

From New Orleans' early days, Annunciation street was a country road, fronted along its



IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT. ST. CHARLES STREET AND ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

dozen dozen, with its skin on, rather than lose three seconds to peel it. Even when time is n't money, often it's figs.

In later years, when the history of this region became as true a delight to me as its fruits, I learned that Louisiana owes the orange and the fig to a company of French Jesuit Fathers who brought them to New Orleans very soon after the city itself was born, and while it was still a tiny, puny thing of mere cabins, green with weeds and willows, and infested with muskrats, mosquitos, snakes, frogs, and alligators.

The house of which I speak stood, and still

western side by large colonial villas standing in their orangeries and fig-orchards, and looking eastward, from their big windows, across the Mississippi River. Though they stood well back from the river-bank, they were whole squares nearer it than they are, or would be, now: the river has moved off sidewise. Ever since the city's beginnings, the muddy current has been dumping sand and making land along that whole front. Now, instead of the planter's carriage toiling through the mire, one meets in granite-paved Annunciation street, and others to the east of it, the cotton-float with its three-

or four-mule team and its lofty load of bales destined for, or from, the "compress." For it is the cotton-compress whose white cloud of steam and long, gasping roar break at frequent intervals upon the air, signifying, each time, that one more bale of the beautiful fleece has been squeezed in an instant to a fourth of its former bulk, and is ready to be shipped to New or Old England, to France, or Russia, for the world's better comfort or delight. I could tell you of a certain man who, when a boy, used to waste hours watching the negro "gangs" as, singing lustily and reeking to their naked waists, they pressed bale after bale under the vast machinery. Yes, he would be glad to waste an hour or two more in the same way with you, even now, when time has come to be infinitely more than either figs or money. Don't miss the weird, inspiring scene, if ever you go to New Orleans.

Moving down Annunciation street from the square, something like a mile away one reaches

not its end but its beginning; for here it comes toward us out of another and much more noted thoroughfare, whose roadway ever swarms—Sundays and dog-days excepted—with floats and drays. Even street-cars often have to beg their way by littles, and its noisy sidewalks are choked with the transit of boxes, crates, and barrels of the city's wholesale trade in things wet and dry for the table, the sideboard, and the luncheon-basket. For this is Tchoupitoulas street.

As Annunciation street leaves it, it dives in among cotton-presses, junk-shops, and tobacco-warehouses, and comes out among ship-wharves, storehouses of salt and of ice, piles of lumber, staves, and shingles, wood-yards, flatboat-landings, fleets of coal-barges, sawmills, truck-gardens, and brick-kilns, and at length, miles away, escapes into the country and up the great bends of the ever-winding river. It was once the road to and through the village of the Tchou-



A BIG LOAD OF COTTON.



VIEW ON CANAL STREET.

pitoulas subtribe of Indians, the town's first and nearest human neighbors. It starts nearly at a right angle from the river end of Canal street, now the fairest and most popular avenue of New Orleans.

We have come to Canal street no sooner than every one does who visits New Orleans at all. One seeks it as naturally as he seeks the eye of a person to whom he would speak. Canal street is the city's optic nerve. Upon Canal street all processions and pageants—a delightful word to New Orleans ears—make their supreme display. Here any street-car you find will sooner or later bring you, if you should ever get lost in a town so level, long, and narrow that you are never for five minutes out of sight of the masts in the harbor. Here are the largest and finest retail stores of the kinds our mothers and sisters love to haunt; here are the chief confectioners, too. From here the cars start which carry their thousands on heated afternoons to the waterside resorts of Lake Pontchartrain,

some four or six miles away northward; and here is the dividing line between the New Orleans of the Anglo-Saxon American and that of the Creole.

Like all the cross-streets of the "Crescent City," Canal street sleeps—they nearly all do a great deal of sleeping, or drowsing at least—with the levee for its pillow. I mean the land is lower than the river when the waters are up, and the levee is an embankment along the river's margin, thrown up to keep the Mississippi in its own bed and let New Orleans sleep peacefully on hers.

What enormous quantities of freight are here, in rows and piles! Bales, barrels, and casks, without or with tarpaulin covers to shield them from the rain of sunbeams even more than of water-drops. Scores of little flags of many colors and devices flutter over them. These are to enable the negroes who unload the boats to sort their burdens as directed by the stevedore, who stands at the gang-plank to see the mark

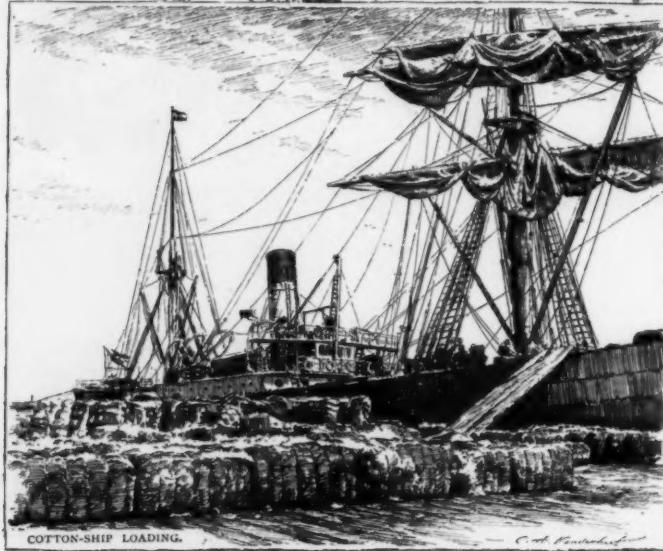


NEAR THE PICAYUNE TIER.

of each package as it comes by him, and give its bearer or bearers his order accordingly.

"Go to de blue flag!  
Go to de red an' yel-leh!  
Go to de white cross!  
Go to de check flag!  
Go to de blue anchor!  
Go to de check an' green!"

It is fascinating to watch, from the upper guards of some great packet-boat, this distribution of huge treasure by the hands of these ragged black



COTTON-SHIP LOADING.



LUGGERS IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Samsons. Sometimes the orders sound like imprecations:

"Go to de red hand! Go to de black heart!  
Go to de green moon! Go to de black flag!"

This levee was once a battle-field. That was years ago, though since the great civil war. It was a real battle, with infantry and artillery, and many were killed and wounded, and a State government changed hands as a result of it; but though men are quite willing to tell you of it if you ask, not even those who won the

deep, then stand still against it, and the next moment spring forward with a peal from their parting gun and the courtesying down-run of all their bunting, and speed away, while the black deck-hands, massed about the jack-staff, sing defiance to weariness and fate. All along the city's front for miles, as they pass, men and boys pull out in skiffs to "take the waves" which rise in the wakes of their great paddle-wheels; for a Mississippi River side-wheeler "tears the river wide open," as they say. In the warm



JACKSON SQUARE AND THE CATHEDRAL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

battle say much about it without being asked now; for it was that worst of all kinds of fighting, called factional strife, and the levee offers so many pleasanter themes.

When the afternoon hour is nearly five, as the lofty steamers' deep-toned bells begin to toll, and their towering funnels pour forth torrent clouds of black smoke, hundreds gather along the levee's front to see the majestic departures of the vast yet graceful crafts. One after another, with flags and pennants streaming, they back out from the landing, turning their bows up-stream, fall away for a few moments before the mighty current of a river one hundred feet

months many fellows swim out instead of rowing; but, believe me, the "Father of Waters" is dangerous enough even for a skiff; it is no fit place for a swimmer.

This description applies mainly to the "upper levee"—that is, the part above Canal street. The lower has other features. It begins at Canal street with the "lower steamboat landing." Here, about and under the sugar-sheds, the State's great sugar and molasses crop is mainly handled.

Near the French market, beyond, lie the steamships that run to New York. And here is that picturesque scene, the Picayune Tier, where the Spaniards' and Sicilians' luggers,

many of them with red sails, huddle together, unloading across one another's half-decks their cargoes of oysters, melons, garlicks, eggplants, sweet-peppers, pecans, and oranges. Just beyond it begins the long crescent of the "lower shipping," both steam and sail. Much of this is from Liverpool, Havre, or Hamburg, coming after cotton, cotton, cotton; but much, too,—brigs, barks, barkantines, with hulls white, blue, or green—is from the Mediterranean, the Peninsula, "the Bay of Biscay, O," and the Antilles, bringing lemons, olives, almonds, prunes, wines, cordials, raisins, sardines, cocoanuts, bananas, coffee, cacao, dates, and cinnamon, yet never ut-



A PICTURESQUE FRONT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

tering one single "Have some?" to the boys who stand about with flattened stomachs and

watering mouths.—There! that boy's got a banana!—Catch him!—Who?—He's a half-mile away, and still going; earning his banana by the sweat of his legs. Let us turn back to the French market. For there is beautiful, quaint old Jackson Square, and behind it the twin spires of St. Louis Cathedral, both of them just where Bienville staked out the ground for them a hundred and seventy-five years ago. He called the square (and it was so called for more than a century) the Place d'Armes. The plan was for six streets to run behind the square parallel with the river-bank, with six crossing them at right angles on the square's left, and six others doing the same on its right, the whole having the levee in front and a wall of earth and palisades on the other three sides. Certain streets even

yet show by their names where this old wall and its moat were,—Canal street, Rampart, Esplanade,—making what is still called the “vieux carré,” the old square. This is but a slender fraction of the present Creole New Orleans below Canal street; but it is the old, the historic Creole Quarter; and there was not much more than this even when Claiborne, the young Virginian, was the first governor of the State of Louisiana, and Andrew Jackson, the savior of New Orleans, parleyed, in yonder room whose windows still look out upon the old square, with Lafitte, the pirate of the Gulf of Mexico, and accepted his aid to drive back the British invader. Now the long, thin city stretches up and down the bends of its river-harbor twelve miles and more, and promises ere long to have a quarter of a million inhabitants.

Just behind the “vieux carré,” and facing Rampart street midway between Canal and Esplanade, just as Jackson Square faces the levee, is a piece of public ground “whose present name of Congo Square,” as somebody says, “still preserves a reminder of its old barbaric pastimes.” For here it is where the Creoles’ slaves, when this was outside the town gates, used to dance their wild dances, Bamboula and the Calinda. Here, for many years, was Cayetano’s circus and many a bull-fight. Here is where Parson Jones preached, and where Bras Coupé was lassoed. You do not know them? It does n’t matter; they were only friends of mine; but I hope you will know them sometime, when you are grown older.

Children love New Orleans,—and, next month, I will tell you why.

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## LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

By S. F. H.

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The leaves have turned from green to red,  
From red to sober brown,  
And left the branches overhead,  
And softly fluttered down.

And flowers in woodland dell and wold,  
Are covered warm and deep;  
And, snugly sheltered from the cold,  
Have safely gone to sleep.



MOUSE OUTSIDE TO MOUSE INSIDE: "EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD I TROUBLE YOU TO HAND ME OUT A PIECE OF THAT CHEESE?"

## HISTORIC DWARFS.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

### III. NICHOLAS FERRY (BÉBÉ).

FAR away in eastern France, under the shadow of the great Vosges Mountains, lived, a century and a half ago, a worthy couple named Ferry. They were strong and healthy young peasants, and for a time they had dwelt together quite contentedly. The husband tilled his field of flax while the wife milked her goats and made her famous cream-cheeses.

One bleak November morning in 1741 there was born at the Ferry cottage a little boy—so little indeed that all who saw him wondered how such a wee mite of humanity could even breathe. He was not quite eight inches long, and he weighed less than a pound; and yet he was thought a very pretty and perfect infant.

The appearance of this tiny stranger created great excitement all through the village. No one so tiny had ever been seen before, and all the good dames crowded into the cottage, filling it so full and chattering so loudly that it was a marvel the little fellow was not killed outright; and indeed it was no easy matter to rear "Bébé" till he grew up—if such a manikin could ever be called grown up. His mouth was so tiny that it was difficult to feed him; but his kind grandmama finally hit upon a plan of giving him goat's milk through a quill, and after that he did very well.

Of course, all the little linen shirts and dresses for babies were many times too large, and had it not been for a good-natured girl who gave her doll's clothes, Bébé would have been left (like our own Flora McFlimsey in the ballad) with nothing to wear.

The work of dressing and undressing him was very difficult. He was such a fragile little toy that his father, with his big rough hands, was afraid to touch him lest he might break a tiny leg or arm, or pinch off a few fingers and

toes altogether; so Bébé was quite a mother's boy, and it took her some time to get used to handling him. She made a little bed for him in one of his father's wooden shoes, lining it with tow; and in this humble cot the child slept as soundly and as sweetly as if he were a high-born baby of ordinary size in a satin-lined cradle.

When he was about a month old, there was sent to him from the town of Nancy a handsome china dish holding a tiny pillow of fine



BÉBÉ CRADLED IN HIS FATHER'S WOODEN SHOE.

white linen stuffed with softest down. On this Bébé was placed when carried to the church to be christened.

Never was there such a christening in the town before. The whole village turned out and joined the procession, and the children were so anxious to see this mite baptized that the priest had to stop more than once and wave back the crowd of inquisitive faces before he could go on with the ceremony. But it was finished at last, and the Ferrys' eldest son had a right to the name of Nicholas,

though most people called him Bébé to the end of his life.

Nicholas grew very slowly, and when he was only six months old he had the smallpox. The little fellow was quite ill, but he recovered, owing to his mother's tender care.

He did not begin to talk until he was a year and a half old, and even then he could speak only a few words. When he was two years old he made his first attempt to walk, and his proud and delighted mama carried him to the village shoemaker and ordered a pair of shoes for Bébé. At first the man only laughed at her, but at last she induced him to measure the child's foot. It was just one inch and a half long. After a great deal of trouble a pair of shoes were fashioned to fit. Such shoes!—they must have looked like doll's pumps.

Naturally, Bébé became an object of great curiosity, and people traveled long distances to see him. Although his diet now consisted of vegetables and bacon, he managed to keep well and grow up straight and shapely—a charming little figure. He was good-looking too, on a small scale, in spite of a few blemishes that the cruel malady had left on the pretty little face.

At this time Louis XV. and his wife, Marie Leszczynski, were king and queen of France. Marie was the daughter of Stanislaus, once King of Poland, but at the time of his daughter's wedding only an exiled monarch who had lost his crown and had very nearly lost his head—and the Leszczynski family was in very straitened circumstances.

I suppose the King of France thought it did not look very well for his wife's father (and an ex-king) to be a wanderer and an outcast on the face of the earth; and besides, the old man kept writing the most annoying begging letters to the Court of France; so, when the treaty between Charles VI. of Austria and Louis XV. was made, it was agreed that, although Stanislaus should abdicate the throne of Poland, he should still be called King, and furthermore, he should be put in possession of the duchies of Lorraine and Bar.

So it was in the grand duchy of Lorraine, and therefore as a loyal subject of King Stanislaus, that our little Nicholas first saw the light of day; and by the time he was six years of age

the old King had established a brilliant court at Lunéville, where he kept house in right regal style.

From the earliest times court dwarfs had shared with fools and jesters the favors of crowned heads and nobles, and the class had not yet died out. Indeed, no well-regulated court in Europe could at this time be found without one or more tiny men or women—and Stanislaus was particularly partial to the pygmy race. As soon as he heard of Bébé he was anx-



BÉBÉ CARRIED TO COURT IN A BASKET, BY HIS FATHER.

ious to see him, and great excitement prevailed in the Ferry cottage when word was brought that the King had sent for young Nicholas.

Catherine arrayed him in a little peasant costume, the best she could afford, and shed tears as she bade him adieu. He measured just twenty-two inches and weighed exactly eight pounds, so his proud and happy father popped him into a little basket and set out for the palace at Lunéville.

The arrival was duly announced, and the poor bewildered peasant marched into the royal presence with the basket still hanging on his arm. The courtiers and fine ladies about the •

King all tittered and giggled at the awkward bearing of Ferry, but when the cover of the basket was raised and the sprightly little Nich-



NICHOLAS FERRY (BÉBÉ).  
REDRAWN BY PERMISSION FROM "LES NAINS ET LES GÉANTS"  
BY ED. GARNIER.

olas sprang out, a cry of admiration sounded from all sides.

Bébé pleased the King so much that he filled the basket with good things and loaded Papa Ferry with presents before he sent him home. As for little Nicholas, his Majesty announced that he was too pretty a manikin to be wasted in the seclusion of a village—he should stay at court; so poor Ferry, as he trudged back to his lonely home, was left to console himself with dreams of the greatness in store for his son. As for Bébé, his fortune was made, according to the notions of those times. He was to be a king's favorite, and to live in a palace.

Great was the grief of the loving mother when her husband returned without her little Bébé. To be sure, by this time she had two other children, but there was nothing remarkable about them, and Bébé, tiny as he was, was the mother's pet. She grieved so much that she determined to go and see him, and, if pos-

sible, induce the King to allow her to bring him home again.

Now Bébé had a very poor memory. He could never recollect for forty-eight hours any event, however remarkable; so when, after a week's absence, his mother arrived to see him, he had totally forgotten her—a poor return for all the tender care she had lavished on him. But Bébé had a better excuse than have most people who in prosperity refuse to recognize the friends of humbler days, for the little fellow's mind was really not strong; nature had stinted him in intelligence as well as in stature.

The manikin looked so fine in his gay court suit of blue satin and silver lace that the poor woman could scarcely believe this was her little Nicholas—her own Bébé, as she still fondly called him. But memory would not waken, and she turned from the palace weeping, while he pirouetted about in his tiny high-heeled shoes with their diamond buckles, and threw kisses after her from his slender jeweled fingers.

Bébé soon grew accustomed to the luxuries of the court, and became very fond of the King, whom he always called "Sweetheart." His intellect, however, continued very weak; he could not, it seemed, distinguish between right and wrong, and he had no reasoning powers at all. But he could dance very well and sing a little in a flute-like voice, and he was always ready to play jokes with the courtiers.

The King, who earnestly wished Bébé to learn to read, appointed the Princess of Talmont to teach him; but it was utterly impossible to make him see the difference between one letter and another. He became very fond of his teacher, however, and developed an extremely jealous disposition. One day, after giving him a lesson, she picked up a little pet dog and commenced to caress it. In an instant Bébé had snatched it from her arms, and before she had time to stop him, he threw it out of the window. Then he turned and stamped his foot, while his eyes filled with angry tears as he passionately exclaimed:

"Why do you love him more than me?"

At this time Bébé must have been a very engaging little fellow. He had beautiful brown eyes, and light golden hair, and he was so vivacious, gay, and graceful that everybody

loved him,—notwithstanding his fits of jealousy,—and he became the toy and plaything of the court.

The Russian Empress, who also was very fond of dwarfs, took a great fancy to Bébé when she saw him at Lunéville, and at the end of a visit she was paying to Stanislaus, she attempted to carry off our little hero without saying "by your leave" to either him or the King. Just before quitting the palace one of her maids of honor snatched up the dwarf and attempted to stuff him into a pocket of her sable cloak; but Bébé, who was highly indignant at such treatment, called out at the top of his tiny lungs, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" till at last the wee voice was heard, and he was rescued more dead than alive.

Soon after this, Stanislaus started off on a trip to Versailles to visit the Queen, his daughter, taking his little friend with him. Everywhere they went Bébé attracted a great deal of atten-

inches, called out, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! here's another beautiful lady trying to put me in her pocket!" And King Louis, who had heard the story of the Russian Empress, was so much amused and so well pleased with the dwarf that he ordered a beautiful little house to be constructed for him.

This small building was made complete in every particular, and it was placed on wheels, so that it could be moved from place to place. The rooms were all finished in white and gilt, with parquet floors, just like those in the big palace at Versailles, and they were fitted with furniture duly suited to Bébé's size. In this tiny mansion he had a little greyhound about as big as a squirrel, and a pair of turtle-doves the size of canary-birds.

Afterward, at a big banquet given during their visit to Paris, Bébé went through the usual performance of court dwarfs. A huge pie was set on the table (who ever heard of a dwarf



"BÉBÉ, STANDING ON THE DINNER-TABLE, COURAGEOUSLY RECEIVED THE FUSILLADE OF SUGAR-PLUMS AND BON-BONS."

tion, and everywhere the ladies smothered him with kisses and bonbons.

One day a celebrated beauty belonging to King Louis's court snatched him up and tried to place him on her knee, but Bébé, whose memory seems to have increased faster than his

that was not at one time or another of his life served up in a pie?), and from it sprang the manikin, dressed in a military costume and carrying a tiny banner, which he waved as he marched round the table paying many compliments to the amused guests. After this he re-

turned and stood sentry near his pie till time for dessert. Then the King gave the signal for a regular attack directed against Bébé. All the guests joined in the bombardment, and he courageously received the fusillade of sugar-plums and bonbons till the courtiers tired of the sport, and Bébé found leisure to eat the missiles on the battle-field.

After they had returned to Lorraine, another dwarf, named Boruwaski, came to visit King Stanislaus. This little fellow was a few inches shorter than Bébé, and was called "Joujou."\* He was very bright and intelligent, and though Bébé at first appeared to have great affection for him, he soon became jealous of the new-comer because King Stanislaus paid him so much attention.

One day, after Joujou had been talking with the King, his Majesty turned to Bébé and said: "You see, Bébé, what a difference there is between Joujou and you. He is amiable, cheerful, and well informed, while you are nothing but a little machine."

To these unkind words Bébé made no reply, but his face showed that he felt them deeply.

Watching his opportunity, as soon as the King had gone he seized his little rival by the waist and tried to push him into the fire; and if Stanislaus had not heard the scuffle and come quickly back, I am afraid there would have been a tragedy in the palace at Lunéville. Bébé was punished and made to beg Joujou's pardon, though he did this very reluctantly.

There was another dwarf at the court of King Stanislaus,—a little girl named Thérèse Souvray, who was born in the same province as Bébé, and was some years younger than he, and about the same height. In 1761 a marriage was arranged between this pair of midgets, but Bébé died before the happy day. Little Thérèse, however, lived to a good old age, and took the name of her intended husband. When she was ten years old she was

exhibited as a curiosity in Paris, and in 1822 we hear of her at the age of seventy-three, thirty-three inches tall, lively, gay, and dancing the dances of the period with her sister, Barbe Souvray, two years older and eight inches taller.

Bébé died very young. At the age of fifteen he began to decline; he lost all his gay spirits, and became bowed and crooked like an old man. He grew more and more sorrowful, and only at rare intervals, when they used to carry him out and place him on a bench in some sunny corner, would his spirits revive, and for a short space he would seem like the Bébé of happier days. But these moments became fewer and briefer, and it was soon evident to all that the little fellow had not long to live. The King sent for Madame Ferry to come and take care of her son, and he passed his last days lying on his mother's knees; for even then he was not so large as a four-year-old child.

Toward the last his mind grew clearer, and he said a great many clever and sensible things, but this was the last flash before the little candle went out. He died on the 9th of June, 1764.

He was deeply regretted by Stanislaus, who lived but two years longer than his favorite dwarf. Before the King died he caused to be erected at Lunéville a beautiful tomb to the memory of Bébé, bearing an epitaph in Latin, which read, in part, as follows:

Here lies  
NICOLAS FERRY, of Lorraine,  
A Sport of Nature,  
Remarkable for his small stature.  
Died, June 9, 1764.

In the Museum of the Faculté de Médecine, at Paris, is a wax model which represents Bébé at the age of eighteen; and his little arm-chair and statue form part of a celebrated collection in the same city.

\* Plaything.



BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE little girl Alice, who, once upon a time, gave chase to a white rabbit across a field, and when it popped down a large hole under the hedge, followed it, and found herself in Wonderland, really did not come upon any more curious and extraordinary things than could be seen any day upon the Midway Plaisance at the Columbian Exposition.

She found talking puppies and mice and caterpillars and pigeons, but in the real Wonderland of the Plaisance the people, and what they had and what they did, were quite as queer. The Plaisance was, at the outset, a very commonplace boulevard between two parks. It even grew weeds and thriving rank prairie-grass. No one thought of finding it either amusing or picturesque. One only thought of passing over it to get, as quickly as possible, to the more attractive park beyond. But when the wizard's wand touched it, it straightway became enchanted.

#### THE ESKIMO.

Then throngs of singular people hurried to inhabit it. They came from every quarter of the globe, with every sort of household belonging, and settled down and began to take root.

The North Pole folk started first. Labrador gathered together a little handful of her fur-clad

families, put them aboard ship, and sent them over the cold seas and across thousands of miles of winter lands to pitch their huts for the season of the Fair under Chicago oaks. They launched their sealskin "kayaks," or canoes, upon the lagoons of the park; ranged their "komitics," or sledges, along their banks; penned their wolfish-looking dogs; tethered their reindeer; made themselves at home, and began to enjoy themselves in true arctic fashion.

Pomiuk, their boy prince, entered at once upon a career of penny-gathering. He was a real prince of a tribe with a terrible name—Kikkertasoak.

This Eskimo prince did not look much like the royal children in the story-books, but was stubby, sturdy, black-haired, and swarthy-skinned with a good deal of red underneath, making his cheeks look very much the color of a smoldering coal. From first to last he regarded the whole Exposition as tributary to his pocket. There was one game his people amused themselves with a good deal, which might be called "crack the whip." A coin was stuck upon edge in the center of a wide space, and the players ranged themselves at a distance from it corresponding to the length of their whips. These were of braided walrus-hide, flexible, snake-like, coiling things, im-



PRINCE POMIUK AND THE NICKEL.

mensely long. The one who dislodged the money from the earth with the tip of his lash, won it. Their lifelong practice in driving dog-teams enabled them to hit a mark with exquisite accuracy. Pomiuk's lash was much shorter than the others—not more than twelve feet in length. He would play at that game for hours together. When lookers-on grew inattentive, and no more money seemed forthcoming, he would cry out in very understandable English, "Put up a nickel! Put up a nickel!"

Meantime, the native life about him went on. "Pussay" drove the dogs in harness. He roused them to their task by a quick cry of "Ho-bro!" When the ready creatures crowded, and tangled their straps and strings in their

did for nickels. She wore trousers too, and hated to be called a girl. Her little sister hushed a precious rubber doll to sleep as tenderly as if she were civilized.

Three children were born to these people after they came to Jackson Park—"Christopher Columbus," "Columbia Palmer," and an unnamed little girl who died. The mothers do not carry their babies in their arms, but stow them away in a wide hood at the back of their upper garments. This roomy hood makes a safe and cozy cradle for the dark-skinned infant, and it is a pretty sight to see the beady-bright eyes of a newly waked young Eskimo peering out from his comfortable nest on his mother's shoulders.

efforts to get as far as possible from his walrus-thong, he shouted, "Oosht! Oosht!"

The "doak," or reindeer, pulled their sledges in winter, and in summer were hitched to light carts. They had Tommy Deer for teamster. One could well believe St. Nicholas could drive his team of eight over the roofs of the land in a single night—to say nothing of stopping at all the chimney stations to deliver packages—the reindeer are so built for swiftness and endurance. Their branching antlers must be made for the special purpose of casting intricate shadows in the moonlight upon the snow, otherwise they might be considered top-heavy and a burden.

Mollie, one of the little Eskimo girls, was better-mannered than Pomiuk, and cared as much for her lean, black American kitten as he

## THE LAPLANDERS.

A sweltering day in midsummer could hardly be called a pleasant one for the other snow-born people—the Lapps. King Bull, their chief, in his low, bare, rude hut, with his wives and many children about him, might have been looked upon as a regal figure in his own land of ice and midnight sun. But with his reindeer vest cast aside, and exhibiting his sealskin suspenders throughout a blistering midsummer day, he was in no wise regal. Yet he is a great man at home, owning twelve thousand reindeer. The leather cradle swung from the rafters of the hut, or the branch of a small tree, with tassels of bright beads hanging down over its hood for the infant Princess Bull to play with, hardly suggested that it had ever brought slumber to kings. Yet in Lapland twelve thousand reindeer mean imperial wealth and power.

The heat made mockery of the lines of slim snow-shoes stacked up against the fence, the cumbrous fur robes hung out like clothes upon a line to dry, and the clumsy, trough-like sledges standing about as if waiting to take a family party out for a ride upon the glacier. An obliging youth repeatedly strapped on his skee-shoes and ran about the inclosure, to show how fast he could go when shod with these narrow strips of board; but he looked as if he would presently be melted.

The Lapland dress was peculiar in shape, young and old, men and women, wearing bell-flaring skirts very like the latest fashion in our own land, except shorter. Their reindeer were not so trim and well groomed as the Eskimo team. When a reindeer baby was born in

the village, soon after their arrival, many of the Plaisance people called to offer congratulations. Turkish and Arabian orchestras serenaded, dancing-girls sent sweetmeats, and the Dahomeyans tried to get a peep at it over the wall. But the reindeer mother cared only for her Lapland moss, and to pitch the dogs out of the corral when they became too inquisitive. There were other young reindeer in the flock, and they looked like rather tall, rusty lambs, but had lovely lustrous eyes and patient faces.

## THE BOISTEROUS DAHOMEYANS.

In extreme contrast to the people of the snow-lands were their neighbors, the Dahomeyans, from the Guinea coast of West Africa. They brought with them dried palm-leaves to



A LAPLAND BABY'S NAP.

thatch their globe-shaped bark huts, and plenty of long dried native grass for the bunchy fantastic girdles which they wore about their hips.

One felt inclined to walk their streets rather gingerly, for so much rustling herbage was suggestive of snakes, which they worship in their own country. It had taken them two months' constant journeying to get to the Plaisance from the cane-brakes of their home. How different from their accustomed freedom was this confinement in a small bark inclosure, to become a wild show for millions of people! Black as the shades of night they were,—black and gaunt, with broad noses and immense shocks of kinky wool. They were quite in native fashion as to dress if they had but a wisp of bright cotton cloth twisted about them, and a rush topknot. And bare feet and legs were

under an awning there was a mimic war-dance going on; the Amazons, their fierce woman warriors, had bound a man—probably an Ashantee—hand and foot. His comrades were trying to rescue him. The warlike women flew at them with hatchets, flourished swords, gesticulated, and acted in such a ferocious and bloodthirsty manner that a looker-on felt his blood curdle. The drummers beat their wooden kegs, making a perfect bedlam, but little Dahomey's yell of "Mammy!" could easily be heard through it all. One would have thought murder was being done; but, put once more behind his paling in the dirt, he laughed. He gave good promise of becoming fully as boisterous and turbulent as his savage kindred.

No one has a name in Dahomey. In childhood a brand is burned upon the cheek, and this tattoo is the only naming and christening.

#### THE GENTLE JAVANESE.

Imagine a playhouse village made of baskets, and you have the Javanese settlement. It had a basket-fence all about it, wrought out of split bamboo. This did not in the least hide the nest-like homes within. On the contrary, it offered constant temptation to peep through its wide meshes to see what might be going on along those glaring white roads and behind those rush-lace-screened verandas. Dolls might live there, or possibly real children just for play, but what odd homes for grown-up, busy people doing genuine, humdrum work!

It is a curious idea to weave houses just as kindergarten children weave bright-colored papers. Yet that is the way the little brown people from Java make theirs.

They came to the Plaisance, and set to work in an easy-going, cheerful manner, as if they had never heard the word "hurry." In the semi-idleness which they are used to in their far-off, lovely and fertile island, they whittled out the frames for their dwellings, braided the walls in gay-colored mosaics, thatched the low roofs, and outlined their slant lines with black cocoanut fiber. They set up the hummingest little corn-stalk weather-vane that ever whirled a merry tune to the wind. As they worked, the ground was strewn with a rubbish of dried palm and chips of bamboo; but a gang of men



LITTLE DAHOMEY BOY, AND HIS PLAYTHINGS.

of no account so long as they had beads. And such a noisy crowd they were! There was never an hour in the day when they were not pounding upon wooden kegs, and yelling in shrill excited voices. No wonder their one baby cried. Yet he did not cry because of the noise, but because a stranger picked him up from behind a bamboo paling where he was playing with his little brother. Floods of tears ran down his distorted little face, and he screamed "Mammy! Mammy!" Mammy, sitting in the door of her hut, did not even look up, and the little brother grinned, showing beautiful white teeth. On a broad platform



A JAVANESE GIRL.

followed them everywhere with a sort of palanquin, or litter, upon which they placed the odds and ends, and carried them off. In that way all was kept as clean as a swept floor.

These Java people were very much the color of their own coffee. They were the gentlest, thriftest, most cordial and amiable little creatures that ever reared a city out of straws. They dressed in fragments of bright cotton, with bare feet thrust into small-toed sandals, the soles of which flapped at every step. They had a way of taking these off for comfort, while they squatted cross-legged at breakfast or dinner upon their verandas, and the shoes were strewn about among their dishes. The floor was their table, and the Javanese palate did not seem to be disturbed by trifles. Some-

times they ate their rice and curry with strips of tin torn from old tomato-cans. But if that were not expeditious enough, a little black hand and five fingers made a very proper spoon. They drank their coffee from cups made of bamboo joints, and covered their cigarettes with bamboo leaf held in place by a bit of twine.

"Like Chicago!—very good Chicago!" was their chief conversation.

In the center of their town stood the chapel. Near it was a small thatched pagoda. This was the house of "Claas," the four-year-old baboon. Claas was the terror of the Plaisance. He looked like a very short and slight, very long-armed, very hairy, and very homely, brown old man. His upper lip formed more than half his face. His eyes were close-set and small, and his expression stupid and evil. Day in and day out he swung by one hand round and round an upright pole, chewed at a part of his bedclothes,



A TOP FOR THE JAVANESE BOY.

and seemed to be thinking sadly over his own strange fate.

The Javanese musical instruments are made

mostly of bamboo. They also played upon a pipe, or whistle, which was about three feet long and six inches across. This sounded like the hollow roar of a lion. Another was a bundle of tubes of different lengths, which covered the small boy who carried it like a big saddle. A log hewn out, with two strings stretched across it, served as a drum. A zither of sixteen strings and a mandolin of two completed their outdoor band, while inside one could hear other music made by gongs of wonderfully pure and beautiful tone.

These gentle people had much of sorrow in Plaisance land. Antonia lost her baby, and afterward died of grief



A CHINESE MOTHER AND BABY.



A CHINESE ACTOR.

for it. The funeral procession, passing through the fantastic street of the Plaisance, received the awed reverence of the motley inhabitants.

#### THE "CELESTIAL KINGDOM."

China came to the Plaisance with a tea-pot in her hand. Two beautiful little girls, Rosie and Sophie, and two chubby, diminutive, almond-eyed boys, made one forget the every-day laundryman type which has hitherto given us our ideas of the people of the Flowery Middle Kingdom. In their pretty native costumes the little girls were as sweet as the tea-blossom itself. Their jet-black braids were lengthened out with skeins of crimson silk, and there were bunchy little rosettes at each side of the head. There was a wondrous refinement in the clear pallor of their complexions. Celestial is a fitting word to describe the serene gentleness of their faces.

In the tea-house the tradesmen and docile vendors of the steaming cups showed equal refinement. The fragrant drink was from fifteen to twenty-five cents a cup. One of the persuasive attendants, in a quilted coat, was asked what made the difference in price. He answered, "Little more boilee water." That was a childlike admission indeed. "Little more boilee water" should make a difference!

Their joss-house bore tiny bells hung at every corner of its square turreted tower. The theater had two hundred actors, who played an endless drama called "Prince giving the Child to its Mother." Gongs were beaten all day, with a rattle of small drums and the clanging of cymbals.

#### THE LAND OF THE ROYAL CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Japan, too, came to the Plaisance, though less a stranger than many others. She built a lacquer town upon the Wooded Island. The houses were neatly and wondrously fashioned, with movable panels, sliding walls, flower-pots, matting, and gorgeous gilded decorations. The bazaars for trade were upon the Plaisance.

Shaven coppery polls and tags of black hair characterized the Brownies that built them. They had hardly any eyes at all—mere little oblique slits through which shone black beads. They wore awkward wooden clogs, or were shod with straw sandals fastened with a leather thong passing between the first and second toe. Their garments had a huddled effect—tight trousers and loose blue blouses with a large red cross upon the back. The cross was the workmen's trade mark. They seemed like Brownies, indeed; for they depended upon the good old motive power of muscles to do all their work. While great steam-cranes were lift-

ing for other nations, and they could have had the aid of all our modern mechanical ingenuity if they had wished it, they chose literally to shoulder their burdens and plod on after their



ARAB DONKEY-BOY: "LOOK OUT FOR 'MARY ANDERSON'!"



"SOURON," THE SOUDANESE DANCING BABY. (SEE PAGE 63.)

own slow custom. It was odd to see them strain and tug, each one seeming to work apart from every other, yet each furthering to the utmost the general design. Their houses were not built from the ground up, but from the top down. Their rafters were not nailed or pegged together, but tied deftly with some vegetable thong. When nails were driven, it was with repeated nice blows with a tiny hammer, instead of with one or two strong direct strokes. It was considered a blemish if a nail-head was left in sight. But, with all the pottering of these pygmies, they did accom-

in their marauding, they were shut up; otherwise Japan would have had hysterics.

Children could now and then be seen lolling over balcony rails, where "No Admittance" kept out the wandering visitors. They were soft, smiling young things, ready to shake hands, but not inclined to speak. Were they homesick for their top-spinning and kite-flying, for cherry-blossoms and chrysanthemums, and for a ride in a jinrikisha?

#### THE EGYPTIANS.

A little boy of six years was perched upon an unfinished wall where "Cairo street" was to be. He looked down with grave, bright, curious eyes, and said to every passer, "Hello!" This was Egypt's first effort at English greeting. It meant "Good morning," "How do you do?" "Good-by," or any other necessary conversation. When the "street" was completed and thrown open to visitors, Cairo dazzled the Plaisance with a gorgeous procession. Barefooted Arab and Soudanese youngsters led it. They paced with slow, fantastic steps to a dumb pantomime of their own music. In their hands they bore stringless mandolins, on which they pretended to thrum, holding them aloft, with their turbaned heads thrown back. Although their striped cotton slips were dirty and faded, to them they were triumphal robes. Behind them came the bedizened camels, with bits of mirror shining in tinsel setting on their scarlet saddle-cloths, and with strings of bells dangling from their bridles against their knees. These jangled at every awkward step. Presently the boys in the lead fell to turning somersaults. The camel-riders each beat two drums, one on either side of the saddle. "Toby" whipped up his tiny donkey, "Yankee Doodle." Swordsmen stopped the whole cavalcade to let drive at each other with make-believe ferocity.



THE CAMELS IN CAIRO STREET. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

plish the most artistic buildings and gardens that were ever seen upon the shores of Lake Michigan. Their gardeners brought twenty miles of landscape into a single flower-bed; then they set out tea-plants and native blossoming shrubs and trees. The vandal geese from the Lagoon were quick to find out this feeding-ground of imported dainties, and came up out of the water and pulled up whatever dainties they craved. As soon as they were discovered

or shining in tinsel setting on their scarlet saddle-cloths, and with strings of bells dangling from their bridles against their knees. These jangled at every awkward step. Presently the boys in the lead fell to turning somersaults. The camel-riders each beat two drums, one on either side of the saddle. "Toby" whipped up his tiny donkey, "Yankee Doodle." Swordsmen stopped the whole cavalcade to let drive at each other with make-believe ferocity.

Wrestlers, in leather breeches, formed frequent rings and had a test of strength; and priests chanted sacred songs. It was like circus day in a small town, only that instead of shoals of small boys swarming after the chariots, here were throngs of men and women moving like a river on either side of the grotesque parade of Egyptians, Arabs, Nubians, and Soudanese.

Cairo street supplied rare entertainment—astrologers, snake-charmers, conjurers, native dancers, camel-riding, donkey-riding, and shops of every kind.

At one end were spread upon the pavement loose hay-ticks, upon which the velvet-nosed camels knelt in homely patience to receive their loads of laughing boys and girls. The terrific heave forward when the camel's hind legs were straightened preparatory to his getting up, and the equally violent pitch backward when his fore legs were got into walking position, sent shouts of merriment from morning to night up and down the ancient canvas walls with their latticed windows and overhanging balconies. The "ships of the desert" moved as if always in the trough of the sea. Then there were cries of "Look out! Look out!" from Toby, the donkey-boy. Achmet, his *confrère*, was wont to add a little to that cry. His was, "Look out—look out for 'Mary Ander-son'!" (So he had named the donkey).

Souror was the Soudanese dancing baby.

She was very cunning, as she twisted her curly head, wriggled her small body, and stamped her bare feet or her red American shoes.

One woman, in a curious costume, with a beautiful crimson in her dark cheeks, carried a restless baby in her arms. A passer held out a friendly finger to the child, and asked, "Where?" "Bethlehem," answered the baby's mother.

#### THE MEDLEY OF NATIONS.

Germany, with her Black Forest dwelling, her moated castle of the olden time, gave good music rather than any novel element to the Plaisance. The Irish villages showed industries; the Moorish, bazaars; Constantinople street, a mosque from the top of which the muezzin called to prayer; Dutch East India, jugglers and snake-charmers; and the Bedouins, an encampment where life on the desert was illustrated, the women baking unleavened bread upon inverted pans, and cooling water in skins, as when on a caravan journey.

However dress, customs, or complexions may differ, and whether the home is a snow hut near the Pole or a Javanese wicker dwelling, fathers and mothers love and care for their little ones the world over; and in this universal love for children there was a certain kinship between each and all of these diverse dwellers in the Plaisance Wonderland.



"A HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO YOU!"



## IN THE COUNTRY.

—  
BY FRANK H. SWEET.  
—

SUNSHINE for the robin's song,  
Night for the whippoorwill's;  
The morning hours  
For the scent of flowers  
And joyous chirps and trills;  
And all the day from dawn till night  
For warbling birds and flowers bright.

Dark hours for the whippoorwill,  
Light for the robin's voice;  
And all the time  
For lilting rhyme  
That makes the woods rejoice;  
And all the time and all the hours  
For song of birds and bloom of flowers.



## TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

*Author of "Lady Jane."*

[*Begun in the May number.*]

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE POOR DOLL FAINTS.

As the winter passed away, and the days of early spring approached, Philip began to show signs of restlessness, and anxiety for a change. Mr. Ainsworth had spoken of going south in March, and Philip counted away the weeks, until that usually rude month, coming in like a lamb instead of the traditional lion, brought soft sunshine, with a hint of spring in the air.

One day when Philip was taking his lesson in drawing,—for he had begun a regular course of study early in the winter, and was making such rapid progress that Mr. Ainsworth was delighted,—he looked up suddenly and said, with a touch of anxiety in his voice, “Shall we start soon now, Papa? It’s March, and you said we should go in March.”

“Why, Philip, are n’t you contented here? I’m sure it’s very pleasant. I don’t feel like going while this fine weather lasts.”

“But, Papa, it’s time for Père Josef to be back, and I *must* be home when he gets back.”

“Why is it so imperative that you should be there as soon as he is?”

“Because I have his ‘children,’ and I must take them to him. He only left them with me while he was gone, and it would not be right to keep them after he gets back; and then there is something I want to ask him.”

“What is it, Philip? What do you want to ask him?”

“About my father and mother. Mammy said he would tell me, and she said he had some papers for me.”

“Really, did she tell you that?” exclaimed Mr. Ainsworth, excitedly. “Why did n’t you let me know of that before, Philip?”

“I did n’t think of it, Papa, and it would n’t

have been any use while he was away; but now, if he’s back, I want to see him awfully, to ask him that question.”

“So do I, my dear boy. I will write to the priest at St. Mary’s—Père Martin, is n’t he called?—he can tell me whether Père Josef has returned, or where a letter will reach him.”

“Yes, Père Martin will know,” replied Philip, eagerly; “and can’t you ask him about Dea?” he added softly. “I’m anxious about Dea. I’m afraid her money is all gone, and that she can’t sell any of her father’s little figures. I want to go back to help her.”

“My dear, I have some good news for you from Dea,” said Mr. Ainsworth, smiling tenderly as he looked at the boy’s flushed, earnest face. “I wanted to let your mama know first—it makes her so happy to tell you pleasant things; but I won’t keep you waiting. I had a letter this morning from Mr. Detrava. You remember I told you about my friend who started some time ago for New Orleans with the idea that Dea’s father was his brother, for whom he had been searching a long time. Well, he was right. The artist in wax is Victor Hugo Detrava, the only brother of my friend—and heir with him to a handsome fortune in France. So Dea is well provided for; her uncle is unmarried, and from his letter I can tell that he is charmed with his lovely little niece.”

Philip’s face was a study of various emotions, surprise and joy predominating, while he listened to Mr. Ainsworth. “I’m so glad that Dea has some one to take care of her,” he exclaimed, when the artist had finished his pleasant story. “And she is rich! Now she can buy her father all the books he wants, how happy she will be! I wish I could see her to tell her how glad I am.”

“You shall, my dear Philip. If Père Josef is back we shall start for the South within a week or two.”

Philip was in the highest spirits. To be back in his old home, to see Dea and Père Josef—oh, it was delightful to think of. He laughed and chattered incessantly, and was so excited over the good news that he could hardly attend to his lesson. He had not been happy lately.

However, he did not care now; he was going away from them—he was going home, and he was so merry that Lucille was more indignant than ever.

"It's no use," he thought to himself; "she won't ever like me, and she treats me worse than she does Fluff. I've got to get even with her. I've got to have some fun before I go."

One day, when she returned from her airing, very much excited because Gladys Bleeker had bowed coldly to her when they met in the park, Philip was in the butler's pantry alone, huddled behind the partly closed door, with an air of great secrecy. Suddenly a piercing shriek came from the hall—not one, but a succession of shrill screams which filled the house and brought Madam Ainsworth to the head of the stairs, pale and trembling with terror. Mademoiselle had jumped on to a chair, holding her skirts around her in a most undignified fright. Lucille was scrambling on to the hall table, her hair and feathers in the wildest disorder, her eyes wide with fear, while from her parted lips issued cries which might have been heard a block away.

The only brave one of the party seemed to be the maid, Helen, who was pursuing a tiny white object gliding along at the other side of the hall, which she was trying to belabor with an umbrella. But her efforts were in vain; she could not hit it, and it slipped away and disappeared through a narrow opening in the door of the butler's pantry.

"What is it—what is the matter? Lucille, darling, are you hurt?" cried Madam Ainsworth half-way down-stairs.

"The mice, the white mice," shrieked Lucille. "They're in the hall, they're running all over the floor. Oh! oh! I'm so afraid."

"*Les souris, les petites souris, elles sont partout!*" added Mademoiselle, hysterically, as she drew her skirts closer around her.

"Where are they? Oh, where are they?

Are they running up the table-legs?" cried Lucille, fairly dancing with terror.

"*Sont-elles sous la chaise?*" gasped Mademoiselle.

"They're gone," cried the victorious Helen, flourishing the umbrella. "They ran into the butler's pantry."

"Shut the door quickly, before they get out," called Madam Ainsworth, as she rushed to Lucille and clasped her nervously. "My dear, my darling! oh, oh, you are faint! Run and get my vinaigrette. Quick! quick! fetch some water; the poor child is unconscious," cried the old lady, as Lucille—furs, feathers, and all—tumbled, a limp bundle, into her grandmama's arms.

Yes, the poor doll had really fainted, after all; she was a frail little creature. There was a terrible commotion; she was laid, pale and crumpled, on the drawing-room sofa; and the coachman, who was at the door, was despatched for the doctor.

Philip, not dreaming of such a tragic ending to his bit of mischief, felt as guilty as an assassin, as he stuffed a small white object into his pocket and hurriedly wound up a long black thread.

He was terribly frightened at the result of his effort "to get even" with Lucille. He felt that he had surpassed himself, and, without waiting to know the awful consequences of his practical joke, scuttled away to his room, where he threw himself on his bed, laughing and crying at the same time.

When the little heiress had somewhat recovered,—which was very soon, and long before the doctor arrived,—Bassett walked gravely into the drawing-room, his face as placid and impenetrable as a mask, and calmly asked what had happened.

"Why, they went into your pantry, Bassett," said Madam Ainsworth, excitedly. She was kneeling by the sofa, rubbing the thin hands of the child, who had revived very suddenly from her unconscious condition, and was sitting up sipping a cordial from a tiny glass.

"What, Madam? What went into my pantry?" asked Bassett, rubbing his hands with a puzzled expression.

"Why, the mice. Helen saw them run in there, and you must have seen them."

"I did n't see any mice in my pantry, an' I've just come from there. If you'll hallow me to say it, Madam, there's some mistake."

"What! Do you mean to say that they did not go in there—Philip's white mice, that he turned loose into the hall on purpose to frighten Miss Van Norcom?"

"Bless me! no, Madam. Master Philip's white mice never put a foot in my pantry."

"I saw them, or I'm sure I saw one; perhaps it was only one," said Helen, her bright eyes twinkling with mischief.

"I saw them running all over the floor," declared the governess, emphatically.

"Oh! I saw them climbing up the table-legs," wailed Lucille.

"If you'll permit me, Madam, I'll venture to say that them little hinnocent hanimals of Master Philip's hain't never been out of their cage."

"How dare you say such a thing, Bassett! Do you suppose that Miss Van Norcom and the others are mistaken?" exclaimed Madam Ainsworth, sharply.

"By no means, Madam. If I may be allowed to suggest, perhaps hit was what is called an hoptical hillusion," returned the old man, blandly.

"Nonsense, Bassett! It was that troublesome boy's mischief. It is getting unendurable."

"Will you hallow me to go to Master Philip's room, Madam? If the little hanimals are not there in their cage, I'll hadmit they are 'id in my pantry," and Bassett bowed and marched out as gravely as he had marched in.

In a few moments he returned with an unmistakable look of triumph on his placid face. "Hit's just as I hexpected, Madam. Them little hanimals are 'uddled up together, sound asleep, in their cage; and Master Philip is there 'ard at work a-studyin' of 'is Latin."

"It is certainly very strange," said Madam Ainsworth, looking mystified; "but I am not convinced. You can go to your pantry, Bassett; and when Miss Van Norcom is better I will investigate the matter."

Bassett bowed very low, and went out with a little spring in his step, and a merry twinkle in his dull old eyes. "Bless my 'eart!" he mut-

tered as he closed the pantry door, and gave a long sigh of relief, "I've saved the little pickle this time; 'e's safe if my young lady's young lady don't peach. She sees 'ow it is, an' she's too good to blow on the pretty little chap, so I think 'e's safe to get out of a bad scrape."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### PHILIP PLEADS FOR THE "CHILDREN."

AFTER dinner Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth and Philip were alone in the drawing-room. The doctor came and spoke lightly of Lucille's ill turn, prescribed a simple sedative, and went away smiling to himself at Madam Ainsworth's highly colored description of the dreadful shock his little patient had received. She had been put to bed, and her grandmother would not leave her even to take her dinner; and as Mademoiselle was required to be in constant attendance, there was no one at the table but the three who were now together in the drawing-room.

Mr. Ainsworth was looking troubled, Mrs. Ainsworth annoyed, and Philip strangely subdued. The high spirits had vanished, he was pale, and there was a suspicion of tears about his eyes; he was trying to read, but from time to time he glanced furtively from Mr. to Mrs. Ainsworth, who were discussing the event of the afternoon.

"It is absurd the way Lucille is encouraged in her silly fancies," said Mrs. Ainsworth, with some irritation in her voice.

"But it was not only Lucille, my dear; they all say they saw *something*," returned Mr. Ainsworth, warmly. "They could not all be mistaken; they could not all be the victims of 'an hoptical hillusion,' as Bassett said. Helen declares that *she* saw something, and Helen is not one to indulge in 'nerves.'"

"I don't know; I can't explain it. I only know Philip had nothing to do with it, nor the 'children' either," said Mrs. Ainsworth, decidedly. "I was in Philip's room just before the outcry, and the little creatures were asleep in their cage, just as Bassett said. It is so unreasonable of your mother to suppose that Philip would let the mice out and risk losing them just to frighten Lucille."

"Mama, may I go to my room?" asked Philip, coming forward for his good-night kiss.

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish to. You look pale; are n't you well?"

"I'm well, thank you, Mama; but—but I'm tired."

"Don't be unhappy, my dear, about this foolish affair. I'm sure we shall be able to convince Madam Ainsworth, when she is calmer, that *you* had nothing to do with it."



"LUCILLE WAS SCRAMBLING ON TO THE HALL TABLE."

Philip hesitated a moment, with an appealing look at Mrs. Ainsworth, and then, kissing her again with much warmth, he went out silently.

The two remained in deep thought for some time; then Mr. Ainsworth said with conviction: "Philip knows more about this than we think he does. I can tell by his manner that he has something on his mind."

"My dear, you are becoming strangely like

your mother with your absurd suspicions," exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "How could the mice be asleep in their cage and be running about the hall at the same time? I'm not surprised at your mother's unreasonableness: she dislikes the poor boy, and takes every means of showing it by her unkind accusations. But for *you* to suspect Philip,—you who know how truthful he is!"

"Did he *say* he knew nothing about it?" asked Mr. Ainsworth, cautiously.

"I did not ask him. I would not hurt him so much as to have him think that I doubted his word. All he said was that the mice were not out of their cage, and I know he spoke the truth."

"Well, Laura, we won't discuss it any more; but if I find that Philip is keeping anything back, I shall be greatly disappointed in him—for he's not the boy I thought he was."

"There is no reason why he should keep anything back," rejoined Mrs. Ainsworth firmly, determined to defend Philip to the last; "he is very brave, and not at all afraid to tell the truth. He is always willing to bear the consequences of his little pranks. He is never malicious, only mischievous; and where others would laugh at his harmless tricks, your mother treats them as if they were crimes. If you listen to your mother, she will succeed in turning *you* against the poor little fellow. Even now I think you have changed toward him: he does not interest you as he did."

"Now, my dear, *you* are unjust. I have not changed; I love Philip dearly, but I am not

blind to his faults, and I do think he is a little—just a little—malicious toward Lucille. Would n't it be better to speak to him gently, and warn him not to play any more practical jokes on that nervous, foolish child? Mother is so displeased, it will end in making trouble between us if it goes on, and you must see how unpleasant that would be."

"If I should reprove Philip, it would be treating the matter seriously; and it would be equivalent to admitting that I doubted his word. I am not disposed to make mountains out of mole-hills. The only thing for us to do is to take the boy away as soon as possible. We can never be happy here with him; your mother's dislike to him is unaccountable." And Mrs. Ainsworth got up and paced the floor, flushed and indignant.

"Don't excite yourself, Laura dear," said Mr. Ainsworth, soothingly; "as soon as we hear that the priest is back, we will start for New Orleans, and we may learn something from him about the boy that will relieve us of all responsibility."

Mrs. Ainsworth said no more, but she felt very dissatisfied and unhappy. Already her assumed duties were pressing rather heavily upon her, and for the first time she regretted that they had been so hasty—that they had not considered more seriously the importance of the step they had taken.

The next morning, quite early, Madam Ainsworth heard a timid knock at her door; and on opening it she was surprised to see Philip standing there very pale but very resolute. It was the first time that he had intruded upon the privacy of her apartment, and she felt that the visit must therefore betoken something of importance.

The boy's blue eyes were timid and appealing in expression, although his lips were firm, his shoulders erect, and his manly little figure full of courage.

"If you please, Madam, may I come in? I want to tell you something," he said in a very gentle, subdued voice.

"Certainly, come in," replied Madam Ainsworth, coldly. "I 'm very busy this morning, but I will listen to what you have to say"; and she seated herself with dignity at her writing-

table, and began opening her letters with a business-like air.

"I want to tell you about yesterday," said Philip, his face crimsoning and his lips quivering. "It would n't be right not to tell you. I would have told last night only for Mr. Butler. I don't want you to blame him; he was n't to blame, he did n't know about it. I hid behind his pantry door, when he was out. He did n't even help me make *it*; he never saw it. You won't blame him, will you?" and Philip looked imploringly into the severe face before him.

"Oh, Bassett was not an accomplice, then?" said Madam Ainsworth, a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

"He did n't know until after it was done, but he said he would stand by me. I don't mind for myself,—you can punish me *good*,—but poor Mr. Butler Bassett, I like him, and I don't want him punished."

"Oh, I see! You are great friends," said the old lady, grimly. "Well, go on with your interesting developments; I don't in the least understand what mischievous tricks you were up to."

Philip winced a little, but he pulled himself together, determined to tell the whole truth. "Why, you see, Lucille was so cross to me that I wanted—I wanted to pay her off. I wanted to frighten her, but I did n't want to make her ill. I would n't hurt her for the world; I would n't hurt any girl, even if she did—even if she did *curl her lip at me*, so I just thought it would be fun to make something like a mouse run across the floor."

"Then there truly was *something*," exclaimed Madam Ainsworth, triumphantly.

"Yes, there was; they did see something, but it was n't one of the 'children.'"

"What was it?" asked the old lady, impatiently.

"Why, it *was* a mouse, but not a live mouse. I made it out of wool, and put on a little tail of tape, and the two eyes were jet beads off of Mademoiselle's fringe. I tied a long black thread to it and put it in the hall just where Lucille would see it when she came in, and I made it jump quickly by jerking the thread, and when I had frightened them well I pulled it into the pantry. Helen tried to kill it with

the umbrella, but she could n't get a hit at it. Then Lucille fainted, and Mr. Butler came in and told me to run up the back stairs. So you see that was why I said it was n't one of the 'children'; and Philip drew a long breath of relief now that he had unburdened his conscience, and waited timidly for the result of his confession.

now that I did it. I'm very sorry that it made Lucille ill. And I came to ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you! Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall insist on your being punished severely. You must be taught that you can't trifle in this way with me," said Madam Ainsworth, indignantly.



"SUDDENLY MADAM AINSWORTH STARTED FROM HER CHAIR AND LOOKED AT THE BOY ALMOST IN TERROR."

"Really, really!—what deception, what falsehood!" exclaimed Madam Ainsworth, angrily; "and Edward has boasted of the boy's truthfulness."

"It was n't a falsehood," returned Philip, proudly; "I never tell lies. It was only a—  
a mistake. It was because I went in Mr. Butler's pantry, and I did n't want him blamed—that's why I did n't tell at first. I'm very sorry

"Well, I don't mind," replied Philip, bravely. "You can punish me; only, please don't blame Mr. Butler."

"I shall settle with Bassett at my leisure, and I shall order him to take those little vermin out of the house immediately."

"What vermin? You don't mean Père Joseph's 'children,' do you?" asked Philip, in a horrified voice. "They're not vermin; they're

just as good and quiet, and they're neat, too. I keep their cage as clean as can be. Oh, you don't mean that *they* must go!"

"I certainly do. I have had enough trouble since you brought the horrid little things here. I shall give the order to have them taken away at once. I don't care what becomes of them," and Madam Ainsworth turned toward her table as if she had settled the matter definitely.

"Oh, Madam, *please* don't send them away. I can't let them go. Père Josef left them in my care. Oh, please, please don't!" and Philip in an agony of entreaty laid his hand on Madam Ainsworth's arm, and looked into her face imploringly.

"It's no use to make a fuss. I will not allow them to stay in my house; that is final. Now you may go. I'm too busy to be troubled with such nonsense." And the indignant old lady shook off the little hand angrily.

Poor Philip! he had never dreamed of such a dreadful punishment; he was desperately in earnest now, and entirely overcome by fear and sorrow, he burst into tears, and clasping his hands passionately, made a last, most pathetic appeal.

"They're so little! They don't know any one but me; they'll be afraid of strangers; they may starve, they may get lost, and they can't find their way home; and what will Père Josef say when he sees me if I don't bring his 'children' back? I promised to take care of them, and I can't if you send them away. I love them so, they are so little and cunning, and they love me. They're all I've got to care for. Don't send them away, please don't! We're going home soon; please let them stay with me till we go! Oh, please do, and I'll be so grateful.

I'll try to be good; I won't tease Lucille again. I'll be so glad if you'll let them stay!"

Suddenly Madam Ainsworth started from her chair and looked at the boy almost in terror. Something in his pitiful pleading voice pierced her to the heart. It was a note of childish sorrow that she had heard long ago, and it softened her instantly. Hot tears sprang to her eyes, and for a moment she could not regain her self-control. At length she said, in a voice that trembled in spite of her effort to make it sound harsh:

"There, there, child!—that will do. Don't go on as if you were insane. If your heart is so set on those horrid little creatures, keep them, and oblige me by never speaking of them again. Now wipe your eyes and go to your room, and in the future try to treat Lucille properly."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Philip, rapturously, a sudden smile breaking over his face like a ray of sunlight in the midst of rain. "I'll never forget how good you are, and you won't blame Mr. Butler, will you?" he added anxiously.

"I'll consider it," she said; "he deserves to be reproved, but for your sake I may overlook his fault." Madam Ainsworth had never before spoken so gently to the boy. At that moment she longed to take him in her arms and hold him to her heart, but she allowed him to leave the room without any further indication of favor. The proud old soul felt that she had made concessions enough for one day, so she resolutely held herself in-check—only thinking as her eyes followed the happy little fellow: "It certainly is very strange. The boy quite unnerved me. I really felt for a moment as though he belonged to *me*."

*(To be continued.)*

# MISERY & CO.

BY J. R. SMITH.



MISERY loves company. Misery is a brindled cat, and Company is a big Newfoundland dog.

They were raised, and lived very happily for some years, in a shanty high up on the rocks of a vacant block in Harlem; but times have changed with them now, and they are in a fair way to become tramps in the wide world of unclaimed cats and dogs.

Some days ago the people of the shanty were forced to move away, and a blacksmith's shop was built upon the rocks; then a wagon-load of large steam-drills was hoisted up and piled alongside of it; and in a few months a

would have begun before now if it were not for the children in the neighborhood, who have so far kept them supplied with bones and pieces of meat and bread—for Company is one of those great, big good-natured dogs that would not harm a mouse, and he has made many friends among the little boys and girls nearby, whom he is always ready to play tag with, or even to ride around upon his back.

During school hours Misery and Company pass their time very quietly together, wondering what has become of their owners, and wandering about over the rocks in search of them.



"COME, LET US TAKE A WALK."

row of tall modern houses will stand in the little shanty's place.

When the owners moved away, they left Misery and Company all alone to take care of themselves as best they could; and their trial

At night they crawl under the shanty, and Miserycurls herself up close against Company and goes to sleep, as a kitten does with its mother.

Company is always first to wake up in the morning, but he is careful not to disturb Mis-

ery until she begins to stretch herself and is ready to rise; then she walks around him, rubbing herself against him and purring, as if to say, "Come, let 's take a walk"; and they start off together, side by side, for a ramble before breakfast.

As Company's legs are very long, Misery finds it hard work to keep step, and it is very funny, as they are trotting along together, to see Company looking down sideways at Misery with a great deal of admiration, but still in a reproachful sort of way, as if he were saying, "Why don't you keep step?"

Although Company never minds however roughly the children may play with him, he is very jealous and uneasy if any one of them tries to catch Misery; he will then give a gruff kind of a bark, which the boys and girls all



"WHY DON'T YOU KEEP STEP?"

understand very clearly to mean, "That 's my cat, and you must be very careful of her."



## NEIL WENTWORTH'S FAMOUS RUSH.

BY ETHELDRED BREEZE BARRY.

"HOORAY! hoorn!

G. A.! G. A.!

Grantonville Academee-i-a!"

THE school-cheer rings out across the playground, and is echoed by the old stone walls of the Academy. The big boys stamp and shout, and the small boys dance and scream, but accomplish little save giving themselves sore throats. In the middle of the playground

is a swaying mass of boys in canvas jackets; good fellows, all of them, with kind hearts and generous souls, yet each one feeling an intense longing and desire to tear his opponent to pieces and demolish him generally if it will in any way help his side to gain possession of the ball in the center of the group. As it sways one way or another the crowd on the fences becomes excited, and the "rah-rahs" resound again and

again. Occasionally a favorite will be cheered, and cries of "Go it, Harvey!" "Hooray, Wentworth!" or "Mind yourself, Warder!" are added to the general din.

"Stumpy Wentworth is the best man we have," remarks one onlooker, *enthusiastically*.

"I'll wager Warder can beat him," says a young gentleman in a Norfolk jacket. He carries a whip in his hand and a straw in his mouth, and there is a neat little horse tied to a tree down by the janitor's house. It is Willing, the school sport.

"Oh, no! Wentworth can walk all over Warder," responds Dodson, the first speaker. "There's not a rusher like him this side of the river, and—Rah, rah, *rah!*—look there, will you!" and the crowd becomes a shouting, cap-tossing mass of excited boys; for away in the middle of the playground the scrimmage has suddenly broken up, and one figure, with torn stocking and bare head, is making for the farther goal with the ball under his arm. After him come the others, some close on his heels, others edging off toward the sides, but the sturdy legs keep on their way and cover the ground at a sprinting rate. He is a thick-set, broad-shouldered fellow. His way seems clear enough, but now the goal-keepers rush forward and, in a tough and solid little group, strive to oppose him.

"Swerve, Wentworth!—dodge 'em! dodge 'em!" is the advice yelled after him by the excited spectators. But Wentworth cannot swerve: dodging is not in his line. Harrison there can keep a whole crowd in play by his twists and doubles, but Wentworth must keep straight ahead when once he is started. So he settles his head well down, squares his shoulders, and rushes right into the middle of the goal-keepers. They clutch at him and try to stop him, but he shoots past them, and in a minute has made a touch-down behind the goal, and the game is won.

"Rah, rah, rah!" shriek the boys. "Rah, Wentworth, rah, rah, rah!" They break up into little groups and run across the playground toward the school-house, where the hero of the hour is sitting on the pump-trough bathing a bleeding nose with somebody's grimy handkerchief, kindly lent for the occasion.

"That was great, old man!" cries Dodson; and Willing adds, "Finest thing I ever saw. He's a trump, Dodsey, I must admit." And the chums move off.

It was only a practice game, to test the strength of the team before facing the High School, and we would have you understand, kind reader, that theirs is supposed to be the best school team in the county, yet we hope and expect next Saturday to "jump on them with all four feet," as our captain puts it, if they *are* three years our senior, and wear apologies for mustaches. And if our hopes and expectations are realized, we shall be the champion team of the county.

Although young for the position of "half-back," Neil Wentworth fills it admirably. He has always been a favorite with his schoolmates, and now his popularity has been heightened by his plucky rush, as is shown by the way in which they cluster and crowd around him on the strip of lawn dividing the school from the janitor's house, where his pony is hitched, a chunky, cobby little creature—like his master. The pony has been using his idle time in trying to pick a quarrel with Norton Willing's graceful thoroughbred, and challenging him, with gleaming eyes and frisky back hoofs, to "Come over here and have it out!" Neil slips into the saddle, and pony and master pass through the gate while the school-cheer is raised again:

"Hooray! hooray!  
G. A.! G. A.!  
Grantonville Academee-i-a!"

Over the smooth road-bed speeds Neil, his head filled with thoughts of the coming Saturday. As he turns in at the gate he meets his mother, who looks relieved upon seeing him.

"Oh, Neil!" she begins, but stops short at sight of her son's battered visage. "Why, my dear boy, have you been fighting? Just look at your nose!"

"That is more than I can do, Mother," responds Neil, lightly; "but I can guess pretty well what its appearance must be without making myself cross-eyed. No, I have not been fighting; I have been playing foot-ball."

"Oh, Neil, Neil! I wish you would give up

foot-ball; it is such a savage game. I have been watching for you for over an hour; your father wants you to go somewhere for him."

As the boy turns to go in she stops him once more.

"Your stocking is badly torn. Did you know it?"

He squints at his sturdy calf over his shoulder, and remarks quietly:

"Oh, yes! 'Peanuts'—I mean McDermot —tore it in a scrimmage. He had on spiked baseball shoes, and was disqualified."

Mrs. Wentworth sighs.

"Oh, my dear boy, *must* you play such wild-Indian games to be happy? I am constantly expecting you to be brought home killed. But run up to your father now; he is waiting."

Neil bounds up the stairway, and then steps more quietly as he nears the study door. His father, a gray-haired, gray-bearded man with hollow cheeks and bent form, is pacing the floor. As he turns to meet his robust son they make a queer contrast.

"I have been looking for you, Neil. Where have you been?"

"At the school, Father, playing foot-ball."

"Humph, *foot-ball!*—when I have been waiting and waiting for you to attend to a most important matter for me!"

Neil heartily apologizes, but his father laughs good-naturedly and bids him sit down; and Neil seats himself beside a table covered with maps, drawings, and drawing instruments, for his father is a railroad-builder and contractor.

"Now, Neil," he begins, "give me your full attention, for this is a most important matter, and will stand no botching. Now listen:

"We are, as you know, building a new road to connect the New York and H—— with the Grantonville branch, and there are about one hundred or one hundred and fifty men employed on it. Mr. Falconer is the overseer of the gang, and he lives, temporarily, in that little house about a mile and a half this side of the new road. Perhaps you know the house; it is on the Gloucester Pike not far from the old mill-dam that burst two or three years ago?"

Neil nods, and his father goes on:

"This is pay-day, and I promised Falconer to meet him at this house with the men's money.

I find I am unable to go, as my cough has been increasing all day, and so I must send you; for if the men should not get their wages, there would be trouble. Now I am going to give you three hundred dollars, and you must be careful not to lose it. Take Thomas with you in the carryall or buggy, for there have been several men discharged lately, and they have been hanging about in the woods for the last few days. If they saw you alone they might be up to some mischief, knowing you are my son, and thinking you might have the money about you. Now go at once, and drive quickly; for I should like Falconer to have this as soon as possible. Put the money in the inside pocket of your vest, and give Falconer this note. Don't lose a moment, or Falconer will not get to the railroad in time; and hurry back, for I shall be anxious."

Neil takes the money and the note and runs down the back stairs and across the garden to the stable, where his pony still stands in the shed. He calls loudly for Thomas, but one of the maids tells him that the coachman has gone to the blacksmith with both horses.

## PART II.

"WELL, there is no use crying over spilled milk, Rollo," Neil says to the little cob. "You and I must go alone." He vaults into the saddle, and they clatter out of the stable-yard and down the street. It is a long road he has to travel; yet, tired as he is with his day's play, he enjoys it, for the November air is keen and bracing. He rides rapidly and freely, giving the little nag his own way, so that they swerve merrily from one side of the road to the other; for Rollo has not been playing foot-ball, and has a great deal of curiosity. But his inquiring mind soon gets him and his master into trouble, for, seeing a squirrel dart down the bank at the side of the road, he attempts to follow it, and, before Neil can pull him up, is floundering among the briars and loose stones in the dried-up bed of the old mill-race.

"Well, if you are n't cranky! What on earth did you come down here for—Hello, what 's this?"

For Rollo has stumbled slightly. Then,

with a low whinny, he sticks his fore leg out. Neil dismounts and feels it, but is not wise enough to know what is the matter, and he leads the limping horse up the embankment and along the road. It is slow work, for Rollo refuses to do more than creep, and makes the most of his affliction, so that the short distance between him and Falconer's cottage seems a mile to poor Neil. As he nears the door, the overseer's wife runs out to meet him.

"Oh, Master Wentworth, did you come from your father? Mr. Wentworth did n't come, and so my husband has gone on to the railroad. He supposed he would find your father over there. He was dreadfully flustered. Won't you come in and rest awhile?"

Neil draws a long whistle. "Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" he exclaims. "I can't come in, thank you. Father was unable to come this afternoon, so he sent me with a note to Mr. Falconer, and now you say he is gone, and I have missed him." He walks along the pathway and looks up the road. With hard riding he might overtake the overseer, but his horse is disabled, and that is out of the question. There is no way of getting the money to the men unless he walks; and he thinks of what his father told him about the discharged employees lurking about in the woods. He has read in the newspapers time and again how desperate these men become, and one thrilling account which made a deep impression on him at the time, comes forcibly into his mind,—of a foreman who was waylaid in a lonely spot, beaten, and robbed of the pay of three hundred men, which he carried with him. He thinks for a moment.—The men must have their money; his father had said there would be trouble if they did not get it, and he is the only one who can take it to them, and the road through the woods is the only way, so he turns back to the house.

"I think I will go on and overtake him," he announces to the woman who stands waiting in the doorway, "if you will be so good as to keep my horse until I send for him. It is only a mile and a half, and I can easily get to the railroad by half-past five."

"Well," she says, reluctantly; "only I don't like your goin' through the lonely woods so

late in the afternoon. There are tramps there, some says. Is it anything special?"

"Yes, it is. My father gave me some directions for Mr. Falconer." He thinks it best not to mention the money. "If your son could rub down Rollo for me I'd be very much obliged to him. I don't believe he is much hurt, and I'll send Thomas over for him this evening."

So he turns away. He has little fear of meeting the men; had he been driving they might have been attracted by the sound of the wheels, but, as Falconer has gone on before, they will hardly interfere with him. He tries to put them out of his mind, and turns all his mind toward his foot-ball success. The ground is firm and hard beneath his feet, and as he steps briskly along his thoughts are reveling in a boyish day-dream of a long line of conquests at foot-ball: first of all the Academy Team made County Team through his efforts. And, I regret to say, the prospect is more enticing than that of any scholastic achievement would have been.

A crackling of the bushes beside him puts an end to his vision, and he turns sharply about to face an Italian in laborer's clothes.

"Whata time is it, ifa you please?" says the man, coming forward.

"The usual beginning," thinks Neil, with a little thrill of pleasurable excitement along his backbone. Then he says aloud: "I have n't my watch with me; sorry I can't oblige you."

"You Meestare Wentworth hee son?" continues the workman.

"I am. What can I do for you?"

The Italian's face darkens.

"Meestare Wentworth he taka ma moneys away from me."

"I am sorry to hear it," says Neil with excessive politeness, anxious to keep in the man's good graces. "I shall ask him to pay it back to-morrow."

He tries to pass on, but the Italian says angrily, "You goa too fast!" and stepping briskly forward he clutches Neil by the shoulders, but the boy breaks away from him and runs down the road a little distance. When he looks back the Italian has vanished, and all is still.

"That fellow means mischief," he thinks, "or

he would not have given in so easily"; and he walks cautiously on.

Just ahead of him the pike makes a sudden bend, and when he reaches the elbow he sees four men (one of them the Italian) standing in the middle of the roadway, about a hundred yards away. Neil sees it all: the Italian and his comrades have made a short cut through the woods with the intention of heading him off. What to do he does not know. Turn back he will not; besides, they could easily run through the woods and head him off again. He might take to the woods himself, but four of them, who know the neighborhood far better than he, could easily trap him and run him down, for, as I told you, Wentworth is no dodger. His only chance lies in passing them where they stand, by strategy or force. Suddenly a bright thought strikes him: Why not "rush"? He has beaten his way through the school goal-keepers, and are these workmen, who have been loafing for weeks, likely to prove any tougher than the young athletes who have been training constantly all the fall? To be sure, the game is more serious, for, should they manage to stop and hold him, he knows perfectly well his life may not be worth six-pence. They suspect (if they do not *know*) that he has the money with him, and if they are desperate enough to rob them they might never let him go free to inform on them afterward. Besides, Neil valiantly makes up his mind that they never shall have the money unless they do kill him first.

Never did Wentworth prepare for a foot-ball tussle as carefully as he prepares for this—perhaps his last—rush. He pulls up his stockings and tightens his belt, while vivid pictures of home and school life pass before his eyes: his father, with his pale and thoughtful face; his mother's plump and trim-looking little figure; the baby with her yellow curls; and the dear old school with its crowds of merry boys on the playground. And in his ears rings the advice an old player gave him when he first entered upon his foot-ball career:

"Remember, it is not merely brute strength that wins a game, but the scientific use of your strength. And keeping your wits about you is half the battle."

Then he starts toward the men on a trot, while they, unable to divine his purpose, are uncertain as to what they had better do, and stand watching him in perplexity. Within twenty yards of them he increases his speed and bears down upon them. Now they seem to understand, for they string themselves out across the roadway, and, with shouts and gesticulations, try to head him off. Head him off? They might as well attempt to stop a whirlwind or a locomotive. They think he will dodge, but he never swerves to right or left. His practised eye tells him which is the weakest man, and he makes for him with a steadiness and a fearlessness that surprise the ruffians. But they are desperate men, who do not intend to let him outwit them, and as he meets them they rush together in a group and clutch at him.

"It is science against brute force," thinks Neil exultantly, and he wonders at himself for being so cool. The Italian is nearest to him, and as he tries to stop him, he remembers a little trick by which he has "downed" more than one player on the school-house grounds. Placing his open palm on the man's forehead, he gives his head a sudden backward twist which takes his breath away and throws him heavily to the ground. The others are upon Neil in an instant, and one, a burly Hungarian, clasps him about the waist. It means life or death now, and Neil's heart beats fast, but he keeps his wits about him. Grasping his adversary by the hips as they stand face to face, he leans slightly backward as though about to fall; then, with a sudden unexpected turn, making himself a pivot, he swings the clumsy fellow around, and in an instant has him underneath. Now he leans quickly forward, and as the Hungarian unclasps one hand to save himself from the inevitable fall, Neil springs away and bounds along the road. Seeing the two men thrown, the third hesitates and lets Neil pass him, and now only one man is ahead. Our hero, instead of attempting to dodge him, butts into him with such force that the man almost loses his balance, and lets him go. He has outwitted four men, and has not struck a single blow.

As he runs over the hard road they hotly

pursue him, but he knows they have no chance once he is ahead. Stones rattle about him and angry voices follow him, but the danger is past. Fortunately they have no pistols, and the knife which the enraged Italian hurls after Neil falls harmlessly to the ground ten or twelve feet behind him.

Fifteen minutes later Neil hands the money to the despairing Falconer, who is just on the

point of telling the men that Mr. Wentworth has not come, and that they must go home without their wages.

Neil Wentworth is captain of a college football team now, and his fame as a rusher is widespread. Many an exciting run has he made while thousands applauded; yet in all his career no rush stands out with such startling distinctness as the one on the old Gloucester Pike.

### TEDDY'S WONDERINGS.

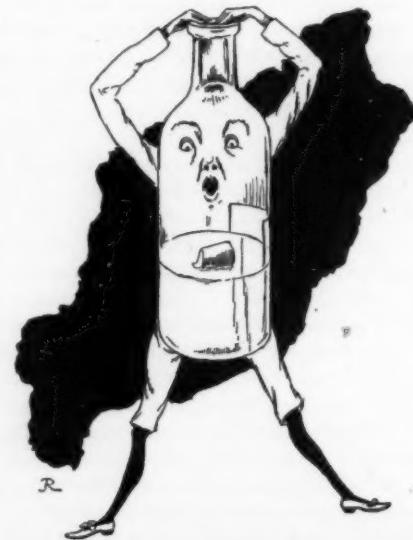
BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I WONDER if there 's anywhere  
A little fairy flock  
So small a grain of sand seems like  
A great big piece of rock?

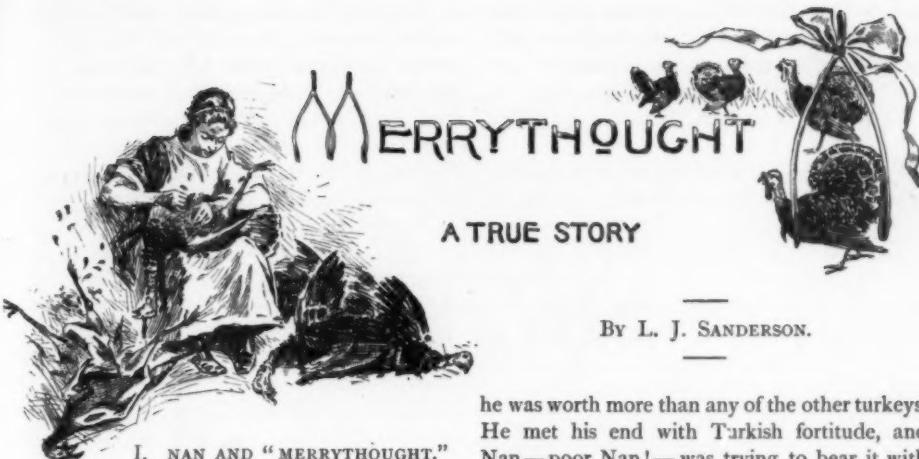
I wonder, too, when I 'm a man,  
And not a little tike,  
If I shall have the luck to be  
The sort of man I like.



THE MALICIOUS SPOON: "OH, WHAT A DOSE I 'VE JUST GIVEN THE BABY!"



THE FRIGHTENED BOTTLE: "GREAT CÆSAR! I 'VE SWALLOWED MY CORK!"



### I. NAN AND "MERRYTHOUGHT."

"DEAR Merrythought! How *can* I let you go!—how *can* I let you go!" And thirteen-year-old Nan sobbed and cried and ran into the house, while Farmer Katchpence turned to look pityingly after his daughter, saying: "Poor young one! she *did* love the critter, and she ought ter keep it; but the folks down in Boston will have Thanksgivin', and what would Thanksgivin' be without turkey, I 'd like ter know? And then there 's the money—we *must* have the money!" and this consideration sealed the fate of Merrythought; and up went Nan to her little room to "bawl it out by herself," as big brother Jack said, with an air of what he called dignity.

In the garret window of an old farm-house, away up amid the hills of Vermont, sat Nan, *not* sobbing and crying, but truly "bawling it out by herself," as Jack had said. Here was Merrythought, the pet that she had watched over, tended, and loved all the summer, called to meet a tragic end which we can believe never occurred to him, but did cast a shadow over the loving heart of Nan. Somehow she had felt that when November came, perhaps Merrythought would be spared; there might be enough without him. But that great American factor, "How much is he worth?" had taken hold of the Vermont farmer, and since Merrythought was a *little* better in every way for the good care Nan had given him, it was felt that

he was worth more than any of the other turkeys. He met his end with Turkish fortitude, and Nan—poor Nan!—was trying to bear it with equal fortitude down below the sobbing and bawling.

### II. THE NOTE.

"I 'll do it! Yes, I *will* do it," thought Nan, and she hunted about in the dim old room to find something to write upon; but nothing was to be found except brown wrapping-paper, for stationery was a luxury unknown to the farmer's family.

With a stubby pencil Nan wrote on the brown paper these words:

This is Merrythought, my pet turkey. I have taken care of him all summer. I feel awful bad to have him go. He is sweet, and tender, and nice, *I* no, but I wud like to *no for sure* if he eats well, and how much money you had to pay to get him. Please will you rite and tell me. NAN KATCHPENCE, Upland, Vermont.

Down the stairs Nan glided, for she was lighter of heart now, and into the kitchen she went, for she was the eldest girl in a large family, and the little maid of all work. There was no time for loitering at this busy season, and down sat Nan amidst the heap of turkeys waiting for the finishing touches of her deft hands. Each separate feather plucked from Merrythought was a separate tug at her heart-strings; but the bawling had turned to bravery, for was n't there something waiting in her pocket to travel away with the brightest, bonniest, and best of all turkeys? When the

golden moment came, as come it always does when we are bent on loving deeds, Nan's hand tenderly tucked beneath one of Merrythought's wings, the crumpled, brown-paper note.

### III. MERRYTHOUGHT THE POSTMAN.

"Och, shure, Missus! what cur'us thing is this the knowin' burrd's brought under his arm!—nately done up wid brown paper! Och! och!" And Bridget stood in the dining-room door where innocent Merrythought lay on a platter, with the mysterious crumpled brown-paper note beside him.

Mrs. Goodheart took the crumpled paper, read what Nan had written, and said, "There's no harm, Bridget; it is only a note about the turkey from the little girl who had it for a pet. I will keep it till Mr. Goodheart comes to dinner."

A few hours later, at a bountifully spread table in this beautiful house sat the genial Mr. Goodheart and his good wife. Beside his plate lay the crumpled note. "Ah, what 's this, my dear?" and he read the scribbling upon the brown paper. "Well! well! Ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily. "Nan has an eye to business; we must look into this matter after Thanksgiving, if Merrythought 'eats well,' as no doubt he will after all the loving care he has had."

Thanksgiving Day had come. Folks big and little had gathered around the table where Merrythought, handsomely browned and garnished, lay in state, "the observed of all observers." All knew the story of far-away Nan and her pet, and all were anxiously waiting to know if Merrythought "eats well." Skilfully the genial host cut first a wing, then a leg, next the breast, and now the merrythought, which the two little folks hung up to dry, for by and by they would wish all sorts of good things for little Nan upon this tiny bringer of good luck.

After much chattering and laughing, Mrs. Goodheart said, "Who 'll write to Nan?" And one said, "Oh! I don't like to write," and another said, "I can, but I do hate to write," and another said, "I know who 'll write the best letter"; and it was agreed that Auntie, who

could write a letter "with her eyes shut," as one of the boys said, should write what the children wanted to know. "Ask her how old she is," said one. "Ask her how many brothers and sisters she has," said another, "and what they are named." "Tell her he made a mighty good dinner." "Ask if she goes to school and church, and what kind of games she plays." "Tell her we want to know all about her, and how sorry we are she had to give up her pet; but tell her he 'eats well'—oh, he eats *beautifully*." "Tell her how sorry we are that he did n't have four legs instead of two, because there was so muchy-much on a leg." "Tell her we 'll keep the merrythought till she comes after it"—and Auntie's head whizzed and buzzed with ideas which flew from all directions. But soon the letter was on its journey to make glad the sad heart of little Nan.

### IV. A LETTER FOR NAN.

THERE was a great bustle and commotion at the home of Farmer Katchpence the week following Thanksgiving. A neighbor had gone four miles to town early in the morning, had collected the letters and done the errands for the neighborhood, and on his return stopped outside the gate and called, "Nan! Nan! Where be yer?—where *be* yer? The postmaster says he thinks this must be yours, but no one in the village can understand it. Mebbe it's a mistake, but sartain that 's yer name." It was almost an unheard-of thing for the Katchpence family to have a letter. "They don't seem to belong to anybody," some one had said; and true it was that an excitement prevailed which we, who receive letters daily from the hands of the letter-carrier, cannot understand.

Nan left her floor-mopping to take the letter. The father, mother, and all the children gathered about her; each in turn took the letter, looked at the writing, the post-mark, the stamp, the six lines which reached from the Boston postmark to the postage-stamp, felt it, turned it on the other side, then back again, and looked at Nan, and wondered how *she* could have a letter written on such beautiful paper, and bearing the mark of Boston; but there was the

fact, Nan's name written in full, and there was no other Nan Katchpence in Upland. Nan trembled with excitement. She sank down, saying, "It is from Merrythought. I knew I should hear from him!" and then she confessed to the family how she had hidden the brown-

match, and in each right-hand corner a "brand-new stamp never used before," as Jack, poor fellow, said a little enviously, for he had never had anything, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, that had n't been used before?



NAN READS THE LETTER FROM BOSTON.

paper note beneath the turkey's wing. She opened the letter, each taking a turn at the reading, and Nan first laughed and then cried, so happy was she to know Merrythought had fallen among such kind folk.

All was gladness in the farm-house now—father and mother and all were so proud of Nan's Boston friends; and friends they were, for had they not asked her to come to Boston some time—when she had been to school a little longer, and could spell well and write better; and had n't they sent her the beautiful paper with pictures on it and envelops to

Little Nan studied hard at school, and the letters that she wrote to Boston were showing signs of it; the words were written more evenly, and the spelling was more correct, than in the Thanksgiving letter. And each time she wrote she tried so hard to have it just right; and she was writing often in these days, for there came to her many tender messages and loving thoughts at Christmas-time, and later on, at Saint Valentine's and Easter, pretty handkerchiefs, ribbons, and cards. And when the warm days came, two pretty summer gowns and a "love" of a hat were sent to Nan.

Every one was glad for little Nan; all the neighbors shared in her happiness; the postmaster felt somehow as if he were the cause of her happiness, because he handled all those welcome letters and parcels first.

And one glorious day, as Nan's father returned from the village, where he had been to sell butter of Nan's own making, he bore in his hand the letter which contained the money for Nan to go to Boston. Could it be possible that she—Nan, who had never had anything, nor ever been anywhere—held in her hand an invitation to visit those kind friends, and the money to buy her ticket to Boston? Was she asleep and dreaming, or was it really true?

#### V. NAN'S WONDERFUL VISIT.

A LITTLE crowd had gathered about Nan at the railway-station—"the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," the postman, the village doctor, and the village parson.

The long train came around the curve and stopped in front of the station. The leave-taking, that deep wrenching to all true hearts, is over, and Nan, who has never before seen the inside of a railway-car, is whirled out of the village away from home and friends to the great city of her hopes and dreams; and the new friends who gave Merrythought so warm a welcome will welcome her, too. In the gray twilight of an October day, the stately Mr. Goodheart was pacing backward and forward in the railway-station, awaiting the arrival of the Vermont train. Soon the puffing, pulling, and tugging of the heavy engine told him it was close at hand, and eagerly he watched the passengers one by one: the tall, slim lady with the tired baby; the short, happy-faced mother with two rosy-cheeked children; the pale, weary-looking man; the bustling big man with a bigger valise, umbrella, cane, and overcoat, with the air of "Clear the track, for I am coming"; tall folks, short folks, thick folks, thin folks, old folks, young folks, children in arms, and children out of arms,—all hurried by. Then at the end of this motley procession appeared a girl, bewildered and frightened, walking slowly as if uncertain which way to go.

Poor Nan had never seen so many people in

all her life. "More than there are in our whole town," thought she. The kind friend hastened toward the girl, who was clad in a plaid woolen gown, a shawl pinned about her shoulders, and a tam-o'-shanter on her head. Her clean but ungloved hands were clasped tightly about a large cardboard box tied with a strong cord, which contained all the wardrobe the child possessed.

"Are you my little friend Nan, who loved Merrythought so much?" asked Mr. Goodheart, and all Nan's fears vanished, and willingly she gave herself up to his keeping. On arriving at the home, she was warmly greeted by the good lady of the house. It was all so new and strange—these beautiful furnishings, these lovely dishes with the painted flowers just as they grew in Upland, this very table where Merrythought had been admired and eaten on Thanksgiving Day; and beside her plate lay the merrythought, gilded and tied with a blue ribbon. All the good wishes that the children had wished for little Nan on Thanksgiving Day, when they decorated the wishbone, had come to pass.

Nothing but happiness came to Nan for the next month. Day after day passed in seeing new places and things: churches, art galleries, and fairs, things new and things old, all in turn were visited; and the shops, oh! the *shops*—shops for books and shops for boots, shops for toys and shops for candy, shops for trunks and shops for clocks, shops little and shops big; and Nan was whirled up and down in the elevators till her eyes and brain were so dazzled and bewildered that at last she said she could n't tell whether elevators were going up or down.

Then followed the days with the dressmaker. A navy-blue serge trimmed with darker velvet and the loveliest of buttons, a pretty jacket to match, and a jaunty little hat, with kid gloves—yes, real kid, such as Nan had read about away up in Upland, but never had expected to see, much less to wear on her own hands—and many of the dainty little things which are precious boons to girlhood, had now been added to Nan's wardrobe.

The home letters were very few, for Nan had said in one of them: "I can *never* write it all;

you must wait till I get home, for it will take all winter to tell it."

One afternoon Mrs. Goodheart took her to see "The Old Homestead," and Nan fairly reveled in appreciation of country life shown on a Boston stage. It seemed to her it *must* be real, for did n't she know just such an "Uncle Josh" up in Upland? Even the beautiful lights and the crowds of well-dressed people, the music and the shifting of the scenes, and the curtain with the "beautiful picture rising up and down," could hardly convince her that it was only "make believe."

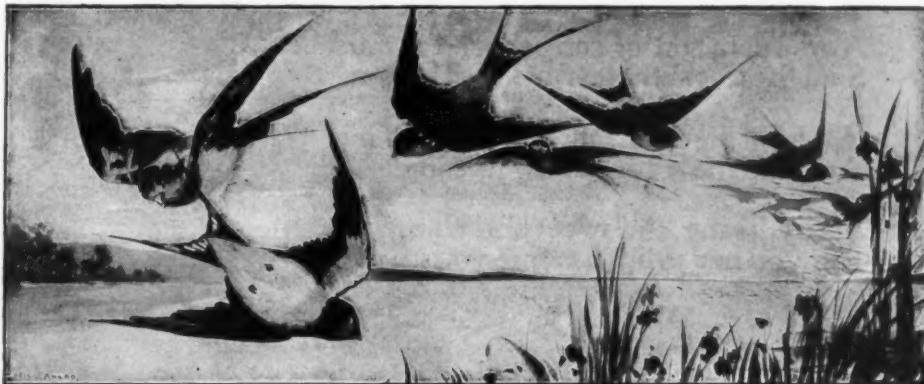
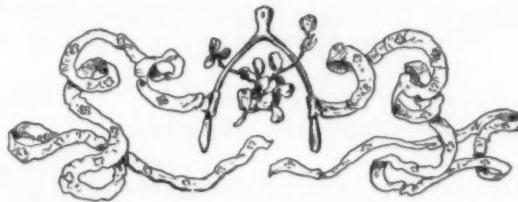
#### VI. NAN'S HOME-COMING.

AND all too soon came the time when Nan must say good-by. A little trunk fastened with straps and lock had taken the place of the box secured with a string, for her wardrobe now was sufficient to fill the trunk; and in one corner there was carefully put, by Mrs. Goodheart's

own hand, when Nan was not looking, the "dearest little clock" which Nan had wished for so much when they had been out among the shops. Many pretty little things had been tucked away in the corners for the other children at the Vermont home; and the little shawl which Nan had worn when Mr. Goodheart had found her at the station was carefully folded over all.

At last all was ready, the good-bys were said, and Nan was speeding back to the Katchpence home.

But was not all life brighter and happier for her? Was there not around each daily duty a golden halo? Was not the dull routine made beautiful by happy memories which lifted her above the commonplace? Had not all the care and affection bestowed upon Merrythought returned to her with interest such as she had never dreamed of? And is not all her life made more beautiful through her warm-hearted devotion to one of God's weak creatures?



A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE.

## The Singing Shell and the Clock.

*Sing the nursery clock a sea-shell lay,  
Singing away day after day;*

The little clock stood stiff and straight,  
And it talked away at a terrible rate.

"They say that the sea-shell talks," said he,  
"But a poor sort of song its song must be,

For although it lies so very near  
Not a murmur nor sound I hear."

"Perhaps," said a vase that stood close by,  
"You do not listen, and that is why."

I hear most things from the mantle-shelf,  
Because I don't talk much myself;

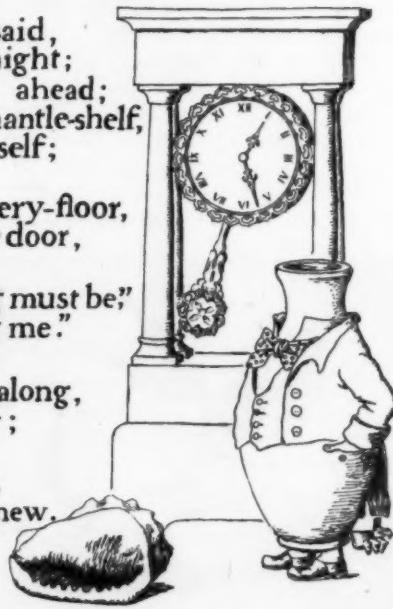
I hear when they scrub the nursery-floor,  
Or close the shutters, or bang the door,

And a poor sort of song that song must be;  
Said the clock, "that is not heard by me."

And still the clock talked straight along,  
And still the sea-shell sang its song ;

Softly it sang, and sweet and true,  
But you had to listen before you knew.

K.P.





## BRER FOX IN TROUBLE.

—  
BY TUDOR JENKS.

I DREAMED twelve owls in the jury-box,  
And a bear with silken gown and wig,  
Were trying a most unhappy fox,  
Watched by a dog who was fierce and big.

Three monkeys grave, with pen and ink  
And papers spread upon the table,  
Wrinkled their brows and tried to think;  
For they were lawyers, grave and able.

Then straightway it occurred to me  
How matters might be changed around,  
If the case about honey or mice should be,  
And the jury or judge in the dock were found.

The-bees could tell tales of old Judge Bear,  
And the mice and frogs of those pompous owls,  
Till neither one would ever dare  
To speak of foxes or of fowls!



### JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now is the crackle time of year, my friends, when the bright reds and yellows of October have taken on sober tints of gray and russet, and juicy blades and pliant stems grow stiff,

While, studded with sheaf and stack,  
The fields lie browning in sullen haze  
And creak in the farmer's track.

But there is plenty of life, somewhere. Squirrels and a few—ah, how few!—birds are about, and there are warm days when the air softens until it seems almost that summer may yet come back. Hear the song that Mr. Frank H. Sweet has sent to this pulpit:

Up in the top of a walnut-tree  
Squirrels are having a jubilee,  
And bright and gay  
They frisk and play  
And hold their harvest holiday;  
And show their thanks  
In squirrel pranks  
For gathered nuts they've stored away.

Hear also what your friend M. F. B. has sent you:

'T was on an autumn morning,  
The world seemed chill and bare,  
A sense of bright things dying  
Hovered on the air.  
The wind it fell a-sighing,  
And I said "Woe is me!"  
There came a merry answer—  
*Chick-a-dee-dee!*

Among the golden birches  
The song rang blithe and clear,  
In spite of leaves a-falling  
And the lonesome time o' year.  
I felt ashamed of sorrow,  
And laughed in sudden glee;  
Back came a joyous echo—  
*Chick-a-dee-dee!*

Now we will turn our attention to

### A LIVING HERCULES BEETLE.

MY birds have brought me great news. They got it from the Central Park sparrows, and it is confirmed by stately labeled birds behind wire fences, as the latest information from the Natural History museum.

The Hercules Beetle, you may know, is not only the largest member of the Coleoptera or beetle family, but it is the largest insect known. Being so distinguished, and consequently not at all common, it is seldom seen here excepting in the dried state, as specimens in the glass cases of learned collectors. But at last a real live Hercules Beetle has come to town. It was caught (as the Little Schoolma'am learned from the New York *Tribune*) in the island of Dominica in the West Indies, and brought by a sailor to the professor of entomology at the Natural History museum in New York. It is not a very pretty fellow,—no bug six inches long with gray wing-covers and a black head armed with a long horn lined with bristles, and another long horn growing out of its body, can be very charming,—but it certainly is interesting, and is well worth seeing, if one does n't go close enough to it to get a nip from the cruel horns. These, I am told, grow in such a way as to form a pair of strong nippers, with which Mr. Hercules Beetle can pinch a piece out of one's flesh before one can say "Jack Robinson."

Any of you, my hearers, who happen to have the Century Dictionary in your pockets may find in its pages a fine picture of this mammoth beetle.

HERE is a story from our friend the Rev. J. A. Davis. It is a remarkable incident, but brother Davis assures me that it is strictly true in every particular:

### A CANINE CASABIANCA.

"Spot" was a Brooklyn dog, without noted ancestors or pedigree; but he had something better—a worthy character. He might pass as a kind of Casabianca among dogs.

Each morning before going to business in New York his master conducted family worship, to which "Spot" was admitted, though ordered to take his seat on a chair and remain quiet until his master should tell him to come down. The dog learned to obey, and would not desert his place no matter who called, or what inducement was offered, until his master allowed him to move away.

One morning the master was suddenly summoned away, and "Spot" was forgotten. All that day the poor fellow kept his place; now sitting, again standing, then, for a change, lying down, but never leaving the chair. His mistress tried to convince him that it would be all right; and the children tried to persuade him that his master had forgotten to permit him to leave his place; "Spot" remained where he had been ordered to stay.

When the owner returned at night, and was told of the dog, he hurried to the room to see what "Spot" would do. The dog was on the chair

waiting for his master, whose steps he recognized, but he did not offer to jump to the floor. Wagging his tail as though he would wag it off, the dog waited for the command that should set him free. When it was given, there was a streak of dog between the chair and feet of the master. Then, at his owner's feet, "Spot" gazed up into the face of the man with a look that said plainly, "I obeyed, Master, but it has been a hard day. Please do not let it happen again."

#### THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A COMPANY FACE.

ONCE on a time, in a far-away place,  
Lived a queer little girl with a company face,  
And no one outside of the family knew  
Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.  
The change she could make with wondrous celerity,  
For practice had lent her surprising dexterity,  
But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day  
(Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),  
To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,  
She failed to effect the desired transformation!  
And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason,  
Surprised her with half of her company face on,  
And half of her every-day face peeping out,  
Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout,  
Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile  
That shone on her "company" side all the while.  
The caller no sooner had hurried away  
Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay;  
And, after a night spent in solemn reflection  
On the folly of features that can't bear inspection,  
She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place,  
Calm, sweet, and serene, with her company face.  
Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in,  
Till you really might think 't would be worn very thin;  
But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay,  
And her relatives think 't was a red-letter day  
When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason  
Surprised her with half of her company face on.

MINNIE L. UPTON.

#### THE FLOWER-PICKERS.

FEW of the people who live in the great island of Australia have ever seen a flower-picker, although they may have lived for years beneath the lofty trees upon which this little bird builds its pretty nest. The fact is the flower-picker lives so high up among the topmost twigs of the tallest trees, and is so small, and so seldom descends even to the lower branches, that, in spite of its rich scarlet breast, it never attracts notice, and, indeed, cannot often be seen by the naked eye at the distance from the ground at which it usually builds its nest. Sometimes a person standing beneath one of the great trees growing upon the bank of a creek or river, where these birds are to be found, will hear a pretty, warbling song, unlike any he ever heard elsewhere; but unless he knows the habits of the bird, and is a skilful hunter, he can scarcely hope to catch a glimpse of the singer snugly hidden away among the thickly growing leaves far above him.

The nest of the flower-picker is very beautiful; it is made of the cotton-like linings of the seed-pods of Australian shrubs and is perfectly white, so that, as it swings in the breeze, it looks like a snow-ball hanging on some wild vine or climbing plant.

There is another kind of a flower-picker that lives

in the island of Borneo. The little birds belonging to this species, unlike their timid Australian cousins, make their homes in low brushwood, and are so fearless that they will allow themselves to be almost touched before they take flight. The Malay people, who live in the part of Borneo where these birds are found, call them "sparks," because the male bird, when darting about among the bushes, really looks as bright as a flash of fire. The nest of the flower-picker of Borneo is about the shape and size of a goose-egg. It is built of fine green moss and a sort of brown silky mass of threads or fibers from a plant, and lined with a few small feathers. One of these nests was found in a tree that was cut down. All the nestlings but one were killed by the fall.

Mr. Motley, who tells us all we know of the bird, took the one little bird that was left alive, and suc-



THE AUSTRALIAN FLOWER-PICKERS AND THEIR NEST.

ceeded by great care in bringing it up, feeding it first on rice and bananas. As soon as it was strong enough it was placed in a small cage. Although very restless, never being for a moment still, it was quite tame and fearless, and would sit upon the finger without trying to fly away; and although its whole body, feathers and all, might have been shut up in a walnut, it would peck at a finger held out to it with great fierceness.

It is strange that two birds so much alike as the flower-pickers of Australia and those of Borneo should differ so in disposition and habits.



PUSSY'S "GOOD MORNING."

"I THINK YOU ARE A POLITE LITTLE CAT TO COME AND WISH ME GOOD MORNING!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)  
(ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN & CO. OF THE PAINTING BY E. MUNIER.)

## PUSSY'S "GOOD-MORNING."

ONE night, just as Mabel was being put to bed, she told her nurse that she heard a soft "Scratch, scratch!" at her door. The nurse said she did not hear it at all. But Mabel said, "Hush! Now listen." Both kept very still, and plainly heard the sound again. Nurse opened the door, and there was a little kitten, who looked up saying "Mew!" and then walked in, lifting her paws high at each step.

"Why," said the nurse, "that is the kitten that came to the kitchen door to-day. The cook thought her so gentle and pretty that she gave her some milk and let her stay. She has come up to see you. Maybe she was some little girl's pet."

"Will you keep her for me till to-morrow?" Mabel asked, as the little kitten came purring about her feet.

"Yes," said the nurse.

Next morning, when the nurse came to dress Mabel, the kitten came with her, and jumped up on Mabel's lap, saying, "Mew, mew!"

"What does she mean?" Mabel asked.

"She means 'Good-morning, Mabel; I'd like my breakfast,'" said the nurse, smiling.

But just then the kitten looked at Mabel's canary, "Dick," and said, "Mew, mew, mew!" very fast.

Then Mabel laughed, and said:

"I think you are a polite little cat to come and wish me good-morning, and you shall have some breakfast. You can't have my canary, Pussy; but I'll give you a big bowl of bread and milk."

And the kitten had the bread and milk as soon as Mabel finished her own breakfast.

Perhaps the kitten did not mean that she wanted to eat the canary, for before long the kitten and Dick, the canary, became good friends.

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## "WHEN WE HAVE TEA."

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BY THOMAS TAPPER.

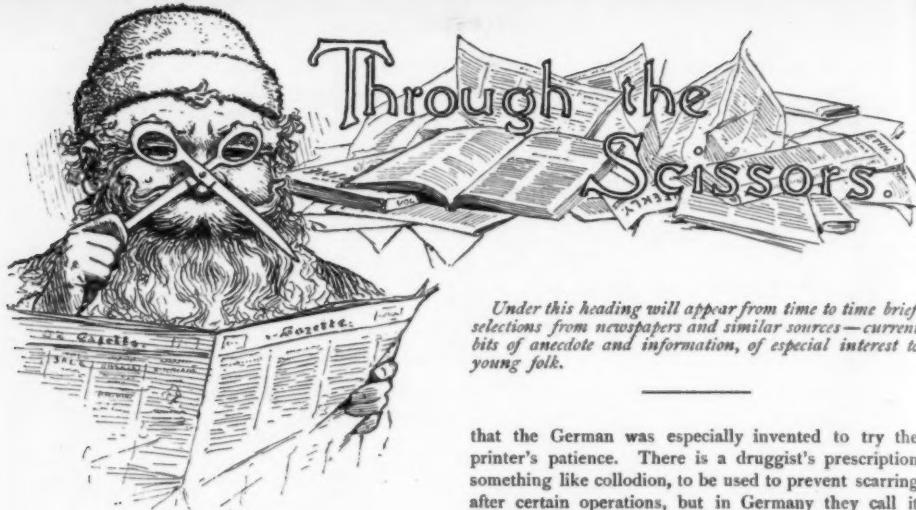
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IN winter-time, when we have tea,  
We have to light the lamp to see;  
The days are cold, the winds blow strong,  
The sun's afraid to stay out long.

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In summer-time, quite otherwise,  
It seems he's always in the skies;  
The weather's warm, he likes to stay,  
And so we have our tea by day.



#### THE SENATE PAGES.

OF the one hundred and ten appointments under the sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, those of the pages only can be said to be non-political. No boy can be appointed a page of the Senate who is not twelve years of age; and no boy can continue as a page who is sixteen years of age at the beginning of a session of Congress. It is a lucrative position, and few of the boys are not sorry when their term has ended. Usually, four of the boys who are graduated from the page's position at the beginning of a session are appointed riding-pages. Their selection depends on their records for efficiency and faithfulness. The page on the floor of the Senate draws \$2.50 a day during the session of Congress. The riding-page receives \$2.50 a day the year around, and has a horse to ride. His duties keep him out of doors a great part of the time, carrying messages between the Capitol and the departments. The position is considered more desirable than that of a page. Speaking of their work, the *Washington Star* says: "The page's life is a pleasant one. He must be on duty at nine o'clock each morning, but the serious business of the day does not begin until noon, when the Senate meets. Before that time he arranges the files of the *Congressional Record* and the bills and reports on the desks of the senators who have been assigned to him. There are sixteen pages and eighty-eight senators, so none of the pages has very much to do. The morning hours are not all working hours. There is a gymnasium in the basement of the Capitol, furnished especially for their use. They exercise their arms and their chests there every morning; their legs get plenty of exercise through the day."—*New York Evening Post*.

#### A WORD OF FORTY-TWO LETTERS.

. . . THE English language is called one of the most difficult of acquirement by foreigners; but it would seem

*Under this heading will appear from time to time brief selections from newspapers and similar sources—current bits of anecdote and information, of especial interest to young folk.*

that the German was especially invented to try the printer's patience. There is a druggist's prescription something like collodion, to be used to prevent scarring after certain operations, but in Germany they call it *Kasbolquecksilberguttaperchylastermull*—thirty-nine letters. Still we for once outdo them with the chemical name for the drug hypnol—*manotrichloracetylledimethyl-phenylpyrazalon*—forty-two letters, not one of which must be skipped if we would convey a clear idea of the substance described.—*New York Independent*.

#### THE HORSE AS A REASONING ANIMAL.

"IT is a mistaken idea that none but human beings can reason, and that dumb animals have not that power," said Professor Albert A. Palmer of Buffalo. "I am fully prepared to demonstrate that the animals inferior to man have reasoning faculties, and that what is generally termed instinct plays an important part in their doings and actions.

"Let me give a single example. I have a friend named Downing who owns a number of valuable race-horses. One is a horse known as 'Speedwest.' A day or so before a race in which the horse is entered he generally sends him out on the track mounted by a stable-boy for a little preparatory work. This horse will not take kindly to his work, and no amount of persuasion with whip or spur can get him away from common canter. I noticed this peculiarity in the animal, and one day suggested to Downing that perhaps the horse knew that he was not expected to race, and for that reason could not understand exactly what was required of him. I prevailed upon him to dress the stable-boy in the colors usually worn in a race, and try the horse again. He did so, and the boy was placed in front of the animal for a moment that he might see the colors. The result was that when the boy mounted again the horse broke at the word of command and set off at a long, swinging gallop, which he increased to a run, finishing the work under a strong pull. Another stable-boy was put up without the colors, and the horse refused to leave the loping gait at which he started out. A second time the colors were used, and again the animal set out at a rate of speed calculated to break a record.

"What do you call that, instinct or reasoning? I contend that the horse had a rational faculty which he exercised at will. He knew that without the colors he had nothing in particular to gain by exerting himself for a swift run. When the colors were put on, the horse reasoned that there was some object in view. He reasoned that he was already prepared for a race, and made his pace accordingly without being urged."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

#### HE WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE.

A MINISTER of a prominent New York church, who was about to leave home for a few days, was bidding good-by to his family.

When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said: "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care of mama."

Bobby promised, and the father departed, leaving him with a very large and full appreciation of his new and weighty responsibility. When night came, and he was called to say his prayers, the young guardian expressed himself as follows:

"O Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick, and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary, and all the little Jones boys, and Bobby. But you need n't trouble about Mama, for I'm going to look after her myself."—*Boston Budget.*

#### PROPORTIONS OF OUR FLAG.

It was recently asked of the public-school children that they should give the exact proportions of the American flag. It was very reprehensible of them not to do so. I have tried cyclopedias, officers of the navy, and various lights of the educational world, but all in vain, and I cannot find out. Pray enlighten me. C.

*Answer.*—It is not surprising that public-school children could not meet the demand for information as to the dimensions of the American flag. That does not belong to the educational routine. It is a kind of knowledge which must be acquired in the practical part of life. The *Eagle* has answered the query as to the proportions of a flag many times. If a flag is 8 feet long each stripe should be 4 inches wide, which would give a width of 4 feet 4 inches to the flag. The union should cover 7 stripes, and be one third the length, or 32 inches wide. If the flag is 6 feet long it should be  $3\frac{1}{4}$  feet wide.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

#### AN ANCIENT YANKEE NOTION.

WE are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canned fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been the pantry of a house many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint

was taken, and the next year fruit-canning was introduced into the United States; the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago.—*American Druggist.*

#### NOT FOR TRANSLATION.

THERE was a young girl in the choir  
Whose voice rose hoar and hoar,  
Till it reached such a height  
It was clear out of sight,  
And they found it next day in the spoil.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### FROM ONE LITTLE BROWN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A MAINE man has looked up the records of thirty-six boys who about fifty years ago went to the "little brown school-house" in Sanford. All have become prosperous and excellent citizens. Four are prominent lawyers; one a successful Boston physician; thirteen prosperous merchants; one a wealthy Kansas farmer; one is superintendent of the Life-saving Department at Washington; one is an officer in the United States Navy; and five are bankers. Four have been mayors of their cities, and seven, all leading citizens, still live in Sanford.—*New York Sun.*

#### "HYAR 'XTRA!"

As showing how fearfully and wonderfully made the Russian newsboy must be, the following are specimens of the papers he cries out on the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow: *Wjedomosty Gradonatshalstwa, Olo-netskiy Gouverniski, Pskovskiy Gorodskoi Listok, Jekaterinoslawsky Listok, Wostotshueje Objaasjenij, Estland-skiy Gouvernisk Wjedomosty.*—*New Haven Palladium.*

#### SIBILANT BILLINERS.

SWEET Sarah Sawyer's sickly sister Susan sat singing swiftly. Squire Samson Seward's son Sam strolled, smoking, sorrowfully seeking sweet Susan. Suddenly spying sad Susan sitting singing, Sam slouched slowly, stealing sunflowers, scaring sweet Sarah. Susan, starting, screeched:

"Sam, stop stealing sunflowers; seek some stale sandwiches!"

Sam seized several, swallowed seven, sank slowly, sighing, "So seasick."

Sweet Sarah sauntered slowly. Seeing Sam so seasick, she said:

"Sister Susan, sprinkle some smelling-salts."

She sprinkled some salts, singing sweet songs. "Sam survives," spake Susan. She sobbed silently. Sam said: "Susan, stop sobbing."

She stopped, shivered, sneezed suddenly—so suddenly Sam shuddered. Somewhat startled, Susan said:

"Sweet Sam, sing some sad Sunday-school songs."

Sam sang successfully.—*Utica Herald.*

## THE LETTER-BOX.

WE thank our correspondent for this kindly letter. The mistake referred to has already been corrected in the Letter-Box of last month.

PORT HURON, MICH.  
EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Port Huron has reasonable cause for complaint with ST. NICHOLAS for violent removal made by Miss McCabe, author of the article on Edison in your August issue. Residents who have been here long enough to get the "lay of the land," as well as of the contiguous waters, have always supposed that the lake we are able to see from our sky-scraper buildings to the northward was called "Huron." Miss McCabe says Port Huron is situated on the shores of Lake Erie. Possibly we might consent to the removal were it not for the fact that Lake Erie is comparatively narrow and shallow, while Lake Huron is broad and deep, and its cool waters render the summer climate on its banks most delightful. Under the circumstances, we must enter decided objections to the removal, and hope that you will intercede with Miss McCabe to place us back again at the foot of Lake Huron, where we have lived and flourished during the past half-century or more.

Yours most sincerely,  
L. A. SHERMAN.

WE have received thirteen corrected versions of the second misspelled story, entitled "Sound versus Sense," which was given in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" in the September number; and, as ten out of the thirteen are absolutely correct, we think that our young folk must have been studying their spelling-books earnestly since they sent corrected versions of the first misspelled story. The names of those who sent correct copies are: "Almy," Katharine C. Hodge and Emma D. Howell, Cora R. Egan, J. Hanson Coburn, Maude C. McCoy, Mary C. Smith, Myra Fishback, Katharine Egbert, Laura G. Sanford, Henry Wallace, Ernestine Taylor, Mary B. Hillyer, Hildah Underhill. Virginia S. J., Clara M. E., B. B. D., and Jennie B. M. also sent copies that had only a few slight errors.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose that very few of the members of your congregation have ever seen a quarter, or twenty-five-cent piece, of gold.

I have one in my possession coined in California in the year 1875. It is a minute octagon, bearing on the obverse an Indian's head somewhat similar to those on the cents of the present issue; thirteen stars in the field, and the date 1875. The reverse, or back, bears  $\frac{1}{4}$  at the opening of a wreath, and the word "Dollar," and the abbreviation "Cal." within the wreath.

Yours truly, CHARLES WILLARD L.—

WE have received many hearty letters from *Wide Awake* readers, and we gladly print these three:

CHICOOPEE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken *Wide Awake* a great many years, and although I can no longer call myself a child, I still enjoyed reading it.

Now, as a *Wide Awake* friend, I most cordially greet you, ST. NICHOLAS; for you are now dear because you represent dear little *Wide Awake*.

Your greeting to *Wide Awake* "recruits" is so hearty and sincere you do not seem like an intruder, but a dear old friend, who is going to keep on taking us, together with your happy followers, on more of the pleasant excursions into the realms of Delight, Knowledge, and Brotherly Love. I remain sincerely yours,

HELEN G. C.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle sent me the *Wide Awake*. I have been away all summer, and had a very nice time. Good-by, long life to the "*Wide Awake* ST. NICHOLAS," from

RUTH C. H.—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just read in your September number of the *Wide Awake* joining with you.

I took the *Wide Awake* last year. Like others of your readers, I have been in Mexico, and have attended a Mexican school. We were in Parral, a little town in the State of Chihuahua, 800 miles from the city of Mexico. There are plenty of burros there; they are used a great deal in the mines. My brother tried to ride one, but it was so stubborn he had to have three boys to go behind and whip it. Ever your constant reader,

FLORENCE A. G.—

READERS of the Letter-Box will be interested in this clever and amusing verse written by a little girl of ten. It is entitled

### ODE TO MY MOTHER.

YOU and I are lonely  
For our father dear;  
But, although we miss him,  
We would n't have him here:  
For we want him to go bathing  
In the shining Eastern sea,  
And grow a great deal stouter  
Ere he comes to you and me.

ELSIE LYLE.

## LES MELÉZÉS, CHAMPEL, GENEVA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, eleven years old. My papa is in the navy. We have just come from the Navy-yard in San Francisco. I saw a letter from a little girl there, but she went away just before we came. While I was there, I had quite a lot of pets; they were as follows: nine cats, a mustang pony, a monkey, two guinea-pigs, a hedgehog, two parrots, two quail, a humming-bird, a Spanish squirrel, two rabbits, a coon, three dogs, and a wild canary. All that I have now is a puppy, whose name is "Puck Bijou." While I was crossing the ocean on "La Bourgogne," I met Clive Mapes, a nephew of our dear editor. Good-by, from your little friend,

MARY M.—

## PLANT TREES!

ALL young folk in America should consider it a duty to plant a young tree in some bare spot, whenever practicable. Every homestead has room for at least one—an oak, an elm, or a walnut. But do not put it in a corner; a tree needs plenty of ground, and has its own way of showing gratitude for ample space.

We reprint from *The Century Magazine* a poem by Mr. H. C. Bunner: for we want our young folks to enjoy it in their own magazine.

## THE HEART OF THE TREE.

(An Arbor-day Song.)

BY H. C. BUNNER.

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thoughts of civic good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood  
Who in the hollow of His hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

## SAYBROOK POINT, CONN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a seaside letter, where I am having a jolly summer. Saybrook is an old Puritan town. John Winthrop founded it and named it for Lord Say-and-Seal and

Lord Brooke, who owned the grant of land here. The old cemetery is very quaint, the tombstones bearing many a curious legend, some in verse. Lady Fenwick was the first white woman who died here. She died in 1648. Her quaint tombstone, centuries old, still bears the date. Some of the stones have such funny names on them, such as "Submit," "Temperance Ann," and others as queer. It is such a dark, lonesome spot, I must acknowledge I don't like to pass it alone, not even in daytime. This place was the first home of Yale College, and a large "mound" is shown to preserve the memory of it.

What I really want to tell you most is very remarkable.

As I was digging down deep near the beach, I dug up an old coin, which we polished up and found it was dated 1740, with "Britannia" around a woman sitting; on the other side, "Georgius II. Rex" surrounding a head of George the Second. I value it highly, because I believe one of those old Puritans lost it, for it was two and a half feet below the surface.

Dear St. NICHOLAS, you have been a great friend of mine ever since I could read, and my dolls used to be named after the girls in your stories. I am now eleven years old, and you are just as delightful as when I was six. I often hope that when I am grown up I can write stories you will publish. Your constant reader,

MARY AUSTIN Y.—

## MILLIS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama has taken your lovely magazine in a club for fifteen years. We have a good many volumes bound, and we all value them very highly. I have two sisters, one older and one younger than myself, and I thought you might like to hear about a letter my oldest sister received when she was a little girl. She wanted Mama to write to Santa Claus for her, so Mama wrote:

"DEAR MR. ST. NICHOLAS, my Mama tells me, That of all folks ridiculous, you're the funniest to see: With your little round face, and your jolly red nose, And wherever you come from, nobody knows."

Mama left the note on the dining-room table with pen and ink beside it, and the next morning there was a note from Santa Claus there too; but it was written with ink of a different color, and the letters were made in such queer shapes we knew Santa Claus must have written it. This was his answer:

"Where do I come from? What is it to you,  
So that I fill your stocking, and my wife fills your shoe?  
But still, as you've asked me, I deem it but fair  
To answer you truly, I come from Nowhere."

Very truly yours, ARTHUR HALE W.—

## CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of your readers have ever seen a ship launched. I went to see one launched a few months ago, and it was perfectly beautiful. The ship was launched at South Chicago, and we went there on the ship "Arthur Orr," which started from down-town. It was a delightful trip, as the day was very warm.

Miss H., whose father is the president of the World's Fair, christened the ship that was to be launched. Just as she broke a bottle of champagne on the bow and said the words, "I christen you 'Manitou,'" the ropes which held it were loosened, and the Manitou glided grace-

fully into the water. For a moment I thought the ship could not steady itself, for a monstrous wave swept over it, and it seemed to lie right on its side. The effect it presented is indescribable, but it looked perfectly *beautiful*. But as the boat became steady the thousands of people who had watched it cheered and clapped amid the whistles of the Arthur Orr and several other boats.

We hope soon to make a trip on the Manitou, which runs up north as far as Mackinac and back twice a week. Your friend and constant reader,

MAYROSE B—

#### FORT SIDNEY, NEBRASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We (my brothers and sisters and myself) have taken you for twelve years. We spent the last three years at Fort Russell, Wyoming, and every month ST. NICHOLAS was more and more welcome. We are for the present at Fort Sidney, Nebraska. We take a great many drives here, and although the country is not very pretty, it is quite interesting. There are a great many ranches, which are cultivated in corn and grass. The most attractive sight at this post is the beautiful avenue of cottonwood trees, which have been growing here for a number of years and have attained an immense height. One of the companies here is an Indian company, and one of their amusements is beating on a drum for many hours a day. When the troops went out on their practice march, we went out to see their camp. We went to one of the companies to see their arrangements for supper; they had a good fire on the ground, and were cooking large quantities of hash in a Buzzacott oven. Over another fire were hanging a number of iron kettles, some containing hot water and others coffee. I am your devoted reader,

KATHARINE E—.

#### THE SNOWFLAKES.

IN the nights of chilly winter,  
When the stormy breezes blow,  
When the rivers all are frozen,  
And the ground is white with snow;

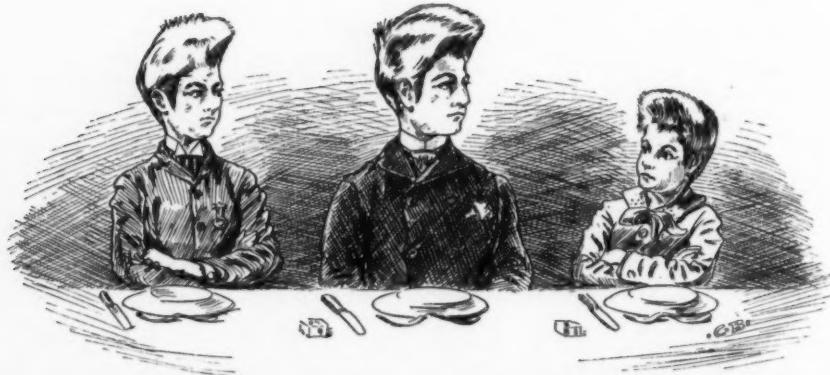
When the sleighing-bells are ringing,  
And the wind is howling loud,  
Then the little snowflake fairies  
Fall from out the stormy cloud,

Landing on the hills and meadows,  
On the squirrels pay a call,  
Hushing all the trees to sleep, so  
Soft and silently they fall:

Flying this way, flying that way,  
Not allowed a bit of rest,  
For the lively wind is blowing,  
And he likes them whirling best.

PHILLIS D— (thirteen years old).

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Teddie G., La Reine L., Eva G. H., Kate G. H., Grace C. H., Forrest C., Edith and Ethel E., Mabel R., Mildred C., Fred N. S., Virginia C. G., Robert J. S., Jr., E. H. K., Gladys W., Bertha W., Charles S., E. T. McG., Walter W., A. S. D., C. W. S., Emily R., Helen P. M., Lowell C. F., Addie M. B., E. W. T., Marjorie B., Elfie J. C., Martha H. E., Lilian W., F. D. B., Karl and Flossy W., Hazel M. S., Walter S. W., Alice and Emile B., Edith E. D., Elizabeth M. M., Flossy Laura C., Carrie T. F., Clara M. E., Laura G. S., and Edna S. C.



SHOCKING.

These are neither Albinos nor Museum Freaks. They are the three hardy sons of Neighbor Smith, who belong to the Eureka Foot-ball Eleven. Their sisters are horrified at the change in their personal appearance.

# THE RIDDLE BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

**BEHEADINGS.** Dryden. Cross-words: 1. D-ill. 2. R-eel.  
3. Y-ell. 4. D-apple. 5. E-vent. 6. N-ode.

**COIN PUZZLE.** Millicent said, "I met a doll arrayed in white  
gleam with gold," "Mill" i "cents" ai "d i me" t a "doll ar"  
rayed in whit "e a gle" am with gold.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "Diligence is the mother of good luck,  
and God gives all things to industry."

**AN ARROW.** Across: 1. Cave. 2. Liage. 3. Crossbows. 4. Taste.  
5. Fort. — **ANAGRAM.** Christopher Columbus.

**METAMORPHOSIS.** I. Fast, fact, face, lace, lane, sane, sand, send,  
seed, sled, slow. II. Ice, ace, are, ore, ode, odd, add, aid, did,  
din, den, dew. III. Fear, dear, deer, dead, held, hold, hole,  
hope.

**CUBE.** From 1 to 2, Vermont; 1 to 3, vagrant; 2 to 4, tremble;  
3 to 4, trample; 5 to 6, sharers; 5 to 7, sharpen; 6 to 8, shamble;  
7 to 8, narrate; 1 to 5, vans; 2 to 6, toss; 4 to 8, else; 3 to 7, thin.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine,  
should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "M. McG." Paul Reese—Four of "The Wise Five"—Mama and Jamie—Dorothy Day—E. M. G.—Ida C. Thallon—Josephine Sherwood—L. O. E.—Gail Ramond—"Block Island"—Katharine Moncrief—"Tommy Tradles"—Jo and I—Amy Ewing—"Wareham"—"Uncle Mung"—Maud and Dudley Banks—Zada Daws.

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## HIDDEN FISHES.

1. O PA! Have you brought home my big, ruby ring?
2. As Tom was passing, a piece of paper chanced to fall on the floor.
3. If another hoop will make the tub as strong as ever, please put one on.
4. Will you ask at every house if Molly has passed by?
5. If you put some drab on it over the blue, it will look better.
6. I never saw beef so lean and tasteless.
7. If Percival has had a suitable vacation he should resume work.
8. Here is a tangle ready for you to undo.
9. If you want news of Malabar, Belle can give it to you.
10. If you let the car pass, you cannot have a ride.

## ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS artificer:

BEN CUT NO EVIL LINE.

## CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a British officer of Revolutionary fame.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. A small sailing-vessel used only for pleasure-trips. 2. A mammal peculiar to Mexico and

HOH-GLASS. Centrals, Madison. Cross-words: 1. cheMist.  
2. blAde. 3. aDd. 4. l. 5. aSk. 6. drOne. 7. shiNgle.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Racine. 1. Ribbon. 2. sAndal.  
3. piCKax. 4. chalr. 5. emiNe. 6. circle.

ZIGZAG. "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains." 1. Palos.  
2. fAgot. 3. moTto. 4. litHe. 5. stuF. 6. chaln. 7. doNor.  
8. aDmIt. 9. Evict. 10. aRoma. 11. cOud. 12. craFt. 13. mighT.  
14. hgHT. 15. grEek. 16. pRate. 17. Ovoid. 18. aCrid. 19. faKir.  
20. prAy's. 21. HirAM. 22. sloOp. 23. brUte. 24. eNact.  
25. Thank. 26. gAmut. 27. twiSt. 28. slaNg. 29. vials.

POETICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, William Tell; finalis, Switzerland. Cross-words: 1. Wrens. 2. Ingelow. 3. Lapis lazuli.  
4. Launcelot. 5. Inez. 6. Anemone. 7. Marston Moor. 8. Tyrrell. 9. Egeria. 10. Lantern. 11. Leopard.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Manes. 2. Arian. 3. Nitre. 4. Earl.  
5. Snell. II. 1. Snath. 2. Nitre. 3. Attic. 4. Trial. 5. Hecla.

WORD-MAGICK. must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and  
should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

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SOUTH AMERICA. 3. The smallest mammal in existence.  
4. A windlass. 5. Flatters meanly. 6. Egg-shaped.  
7. An inhabitant of the southern part of Asia. 8. Bands or girdles. 9. Animals of the hog kind. 10. Celery of motion.

HERBERT SIDDONS.

## PL.

ROE thees owl domesaw shang a pells  
Hatt slodh a gretans, otecip crahm:  
I hare ti ni eht raf blowcl,  
Sa vatrang latcet kese eth fram.  
Ene ni thees kaleb brovemen sayd  
Theer 's snagdels rof eht thare hatt shede,  
Het sharm of em on golom scoveny,  
Hothug eht gery storf eb no eht swede.

## HEXAGON.



1. A soft mineral.
2. Surfaces.
3. Looked askance.
4. A popular candy.
5. An old word meaning to imitate.
6. To dig.
7. To cast a sidelong look.

CHARLES B. D.

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the initial letters will spell the character in one of Dickens's works.  
**CROSS-WORDS:**  
 1. An herb often used as a seasoning. 2. A country in Asia. 3. A water-nymph. 4. Juvenility. 5. Compact. 6. A "TILLIE."

country of Europe. 7. A guillemot.

**WORD-BUILDING.**

1. A LETTER. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. Conclusion. 4. To cause to go in any manner. 5. Separates into parts with force or sudden violence. 6. Those who live on the labors of others. 7. Considers attentively. 8. Instruments used for beating. 9. Very heavy.

"THREE BLIND MICE."

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of a hundred and three letters, and am a quotation from Coleridge.

My 70-24-13-11-53-55 is to seesaw. My 34-5-50-80-31-95-48-20-26-58 is promising. My 85-62-67 is a coxcomb. My 83-58-39-73 is furnished with shoes. My 16-28-101-41-44-91 is anything that brings good luck. My 98-90-60-103-65 is search. My 97-9-7-75-22 is darkness. My 43-25-2-63-21 is banter. My 77-37-45-100-33 is decreased. My 29-81-86-69-94 is uproar. My 27-19-93-18-52 is an aromatic substance mentioned in the second chapter of St. Matthew. My 79-15-84-30-71 is odor. My 89-1-56-99-46 is to taunt. My 10-51-92-3-102 is to dwarf. My 61-96-49-82-26-38 is a poem of fourteen lines. My 59-36-47 is a feminine name. My 35-78-14-87 is clean. My 54-6-57 is to strike gently. My 12-64-4-23 is elevated. My 72-17-40 is a prefix signifying negation. My 66-68-74-42-8-32 is a shiny fabric.

E. M. H.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. A VEGETABLE growth. 2. A large organ of the body. 3. An old word meaning "to look at." 4. Snug places. 5. A ringlet.

CHARLES B. D.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

My primals, reading downward, spell certain things which grow downward; and my finals, reading upward, spell certain things which grow upward.

**CROSS-WORDS** (of unequal length): 1. Gems. 2. A gem of a bright blue color. 3. A variety of quartz of a

purple color. 4. An aluminous mineral of a rich blue color. 5. A metal, coming into general use, remarkable for its lightness. 6. A steep, rugged rock. 7. A volcanic rock formed of consolidated cinders. 8. Space of time between any two events. 9. Baked clay. 10. The highest mountain in the world. 11. Rocks which split readily into thin plates. W. J.

**HOUR-GLASS.**

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Bestows liberally. 2. To pain acutely. 3. A beverage. 4. In hour-glass. 5. An animal. 6. One who scatters seeds. 7. Pursuing.

My centrals, reading downward, spell what often may be found by the waterside.

A. B. C.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.**

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

I. **UPPER DIAMOND:** 1. In defalcates. 2. To ask alms. 3. An East Indian princess. 4. Honors conferred by universities. 5. A visitor. 6. Encountered. 7. In defalcates.

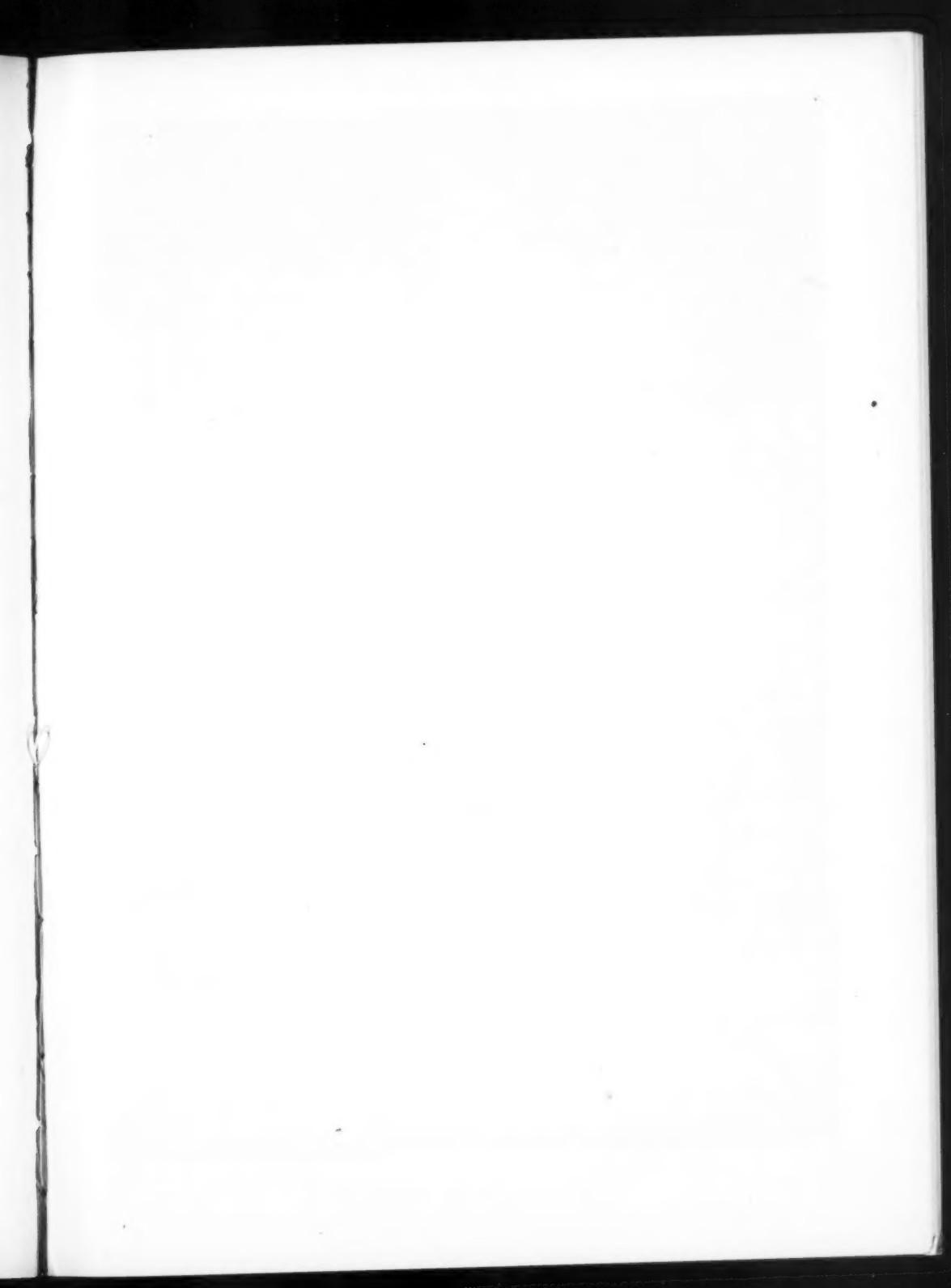
II. **LEFT-HAND DIAMOND.** 1. In defalcates. 2. To strike gently. 3. A Turkish governor. 4. Secures firmly. 5. Robbery. 6. An insect. 7. In defalcates.

III. **CENTRAL SQUARE:** 1. A difficult question. 2. A pigment. 3. A bundle of grain. 4. To rub out. 5. To relate.

IV. **RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND:** 1. In defalcates. 2. Part of a locomotive. 3. An artificial watercourse. 4. A person affected by excessive enthusiasm. 5. To lave. 6. A false statement. 7. In defalcates.

V. **LOWER DIAMOND:** 1. In defalcates. 2. A light moisture. 3. An evil spirit. 4. Pertaining to the femur. 5. To harass by pursuit and barking. 6. A term of negation. 7. In defalcates.

F. W. F.





"LITTLE TOOMAI WOULD HAVE FAINTED WHERE HE WAS  
SOONER THAN HAVE CRIED OUT."

(SEE PAGE 109.)